

The Listener

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In this number:

Canon V. A. Demant, Lord Stansgate, Lady Tweedsmuir, M.P.



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France after the Elections

By JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER

THE General Elections in France on June 17 turned out to be a brilliant victory not so much for the various political parties as for the public opinion experts. They had predicted that the new Assembly would consist of six groups, roughly equal in strength, and this is just what happened. For the past few days* the newly elected Assembly has been compared all over the French press with a hexagon with its six equal sides, because the six main parties are represented by approximately ninety members each. These are, from left to right, the Communists, the Socialists (headed until he died last year by Léon Blum), the Radical Socialists (M. Herriot's party), the Christian Democrats (headed by Georges Bidault), the Independents (whose label actually means Conservatives), and the most representative member of whom is former Prime Minister, Paul Reynaud, and, finally, General de Gaulle's Rally of the French People.

Before the elections we had, of course, no idea that these predictions were so remarkably accurate, and the two big question marks were about the Communists and de Gaulle's Party. About the Communists we might as well face the fact that they still remain the largest French political party, with twenty-five per cent. of the popular vote. But also they have lost one-tenth of their followers since 1946, unlike their Italian colleagues, who increased their voting strength by just about the same amount.

Before the war the Communists were far from having this much influence. The main part of the French working-class was Socialist; their leaders were Léon Blum in politics and Léon Jules in the

trade unions. Then, in face of the impending threats of a second world war, Léon Blum's Popular Front Government gave way to more centre-of-the-road governments, headed by Chautemps, then Daladier, then Reynaud. Now, in 1951, twelve years later, the bulk of the French working-class has become Communist. How did this come about? To start with, the Communists' record in the Resistance during the Occupation enabled them to regain all the prestige they had lost in August 1939 when Stalin and Hitler signed the famous Non-Aggression Pact; not only regained all the lost terrain, but enlarged it considerably. Then after the liberation they entered the Government for the first time in French history, and availed themselves of every opportunity to put their men into key posts, both in the Government and in the trade unions. If this had gone on longer France might, by now, have undergone the fate of Czechoslovakia: if she did not eventually it is because the Communists were forced out of the Government in 1947, but to this day they have retained the iron grip they had got on the workers' unions.

But, in spite of their remaining the largest party in France, they have lost one-tenth of their electoral clientele. This can be explained, I think, by the fact that they staked their whole campaign on one single theme—peace—and everything this word implies in their eyes, that is, mostly, vicious attacks against the United States. For example, they liken the installation of American military personnel in France purely and simply to the Nazi occupation. If any one propaganda theme has flopped, this is it. Witness the resounding defeat registered by the neutralist

* Broadcast on June 25

candidates standing in Paris. The neutralists are mostly leftist intellectuals; they are anti-Communist, but they also believe that France should shake off American influence and denounce the Atlantic Pact, since in any case, they reason, France would be protected by the American stock of atomic bombs. This is wishful thinking, of course, and rather cynical wishful thinking at that. In Paris they got two per cent. of the popular vote.

Aspirations of General de Gaulle

To the opposite side of the hexagon now: in 1946, de Gaulle had no Deputies in the Assembly since his Rally had not been founded. Today he has about 110. This looks like a pretty good show, but it is not. Actually, it can even be said to be a pretty bleak failure when viewed with respect to the General's aspirations. In 1940 de Gaulle emerged as the embodiment of France's survival in the world-wide tragedy, and today he is haunted by the conviction that France one day will find herself again in the very heart of one of the greatest dramas in history, and that in such circumstances a weak France would not survive. He feels that in this world of ours, where the most important facts for the last ten years have been the utter fragility of western Europe, the emergence of the terrific power of the United States, the imperialism of the U.S.S.R. and the possibility of atomic war, France is one of the very few nations that has not deemed it necessary, or even useful, to change her way of life, her way of thinking, and much less of course, her regime. His aim, which is to create a strong nation by rallying all the French people around himself, would require that France triumph over its inner division, sweep out what he calls 'the professional politicians' and adopt a new system of government with a strong executive branch.

So that his first goal is a thorough reform of the Constitution, but to achieve this he needs, if not the absolute majority of the seats in the Assembly, at least a large enough number so that his party's collaboration will be absolutely essential to any coalition that might be formed to take the government. This is not now the case. Even though the 110 Gaullist Deputies form the largest group in the Assembly, the present Government does not need them to form a majority, and so the R.P.F. is reduced to being one of the opposition parties—the other being the Communists.

Now obviously the thought of being the leader of one of the opposition parties and not the only one is not to de Gaulle's liking. He certainly cannot agree to view himself as half an opposition leader. The causes of his failure, apart from the role played by the electoral system which was precisely designed to keep de Gaulle out, can be traced to the distrust in which two factions of the population hold him. The left claims that he is a Fascist, intent on destroying republican liberties; since he has never been in power alone it is impossible to judge him on that. But it is true that part of his following is made up of people for whom Fascism, in one form or other, fulfils a deep emotional need. It is also true that de Gaulle's expressed social ideas are either vague or a little paternal, such as his labour and capital associations.

The right, on the other hand, as characterised by the upper classes of the bourgeoisie, find him too rigid, too unbending, as well as too radical, and refuse to commit themselves to what they term 'political adventure'. So, after his disappointment, what is the General going to do? On the day following the elections he attended the eighteenth of June celebrations at the Mont Valerien where so many hostages and heroes of the Resistance were shot by the Germans. After the ceremony he boarded his black Citroen to return to Colombey les-Deux-Eglises, the village where he lives in eastern France. He announced that he would stay there a few days to meditate on the situation and make up his mind on his political future. Some of his advisers have suggested that he might retire from politics and leave the Party to its own

fate, and it is possible that he may do this. On the other hand, he might want to stay as the leader of half an opposition until he has a chance to take power.

The next most interesting slice in our hexagonal cake is the one that calls itself Independent. There are ninety-four of them. Now it is rather easy to be independent when you are alone, but when ninety-four people are independent together there is a good chance that each one is going to depend, to a certain extent, on the ninety-three others. As a matter of fact they also call themselves Moderate but this is just a misleading term for Independent because in French politics the word 'moderate' has become synonymous of 'staunchly conservative'. These men are of varied origin; some are Catholics, some are not; some represent the landed gentry or the big farmers or big business. But the main fact about them is that together they represent a traditional right of the old Third Republic. This is the first time in fifteen years that the right stages such a strong come-back, and it makes the present Assembly strongly similar to the House of Deputies France used to have in the early 'thirties. This, added to the fact that most of the present leaders are the men that were most prominent under the Third Republic, may be taken to mean—according to one's own opinion—that the French have either a short memory or else possess an amazing sense of stability and continuity. What is indisputable is that the Third Republic make-up can work and will work as long as nothing dramatically serious happens on the international plane.

And this is important because it shows that the French people, by making the choice they have just made, have put their trust in the near future and believe nothing very grave is going to occur. The present Government of M. Queuille is going to continue for a few weeks and will then be replaced by one very similar, but there will be a big difference. That is, the election will have been held and the next Assembly is going to have five years to solve the big problems that have been left untouched for the past month. Frenchmen are commenting this week on the irony of fate by which the French people on June 18, 1951, forced General de Gaulle to make good the promise he had made on June 18, 1940—exactly eleven years ago—to have and re-establish the Third Republic.—*Home Service*

The Irish Parliamentary Party 1890-1910, by F. S. L. Lyons (Faber, 25s.), is the latest addition to the series 'Studies in Irish History', which has already included Dr. McDowell's brilliant study of 'Irish Public Opinion' at the close of the eighteenth century, and Mr. E. R. Green's able account of economic development in the Belfast region during the succeeding period. In the present volume, Mr. F. S. L. Lyons, yet another T.C.D. graduate, deals with the Irish Parliamentary Party, both at home and at Westminster, between the death of Parnell and the opening of the struggle over the third Home Rule Bill. He gives a full account of the struggle for power in the Party, and discusses at length its strength, distribution and personnel, attributing to what must be considered its ultimate failure, the quarrels and dissensions arising out of discipline, organisation and policy, and the conservatism of the leaders who too rigidly adhered to Parnellite ideas and methods, so failing to keep in touch with those newer national movements which were ultimately to decide the future of Ireland.

Students have, up to this, been somewhat neglectful of the story of the Constitutional movement in Ireland which is dealt with in this book, the chief reason apparently being that public attention has been focused on more recent and dramatic events. But now that so much original material has been made available from private collections, at least one historian has been tempted to make an analysis, and this book is the result. Mr. Lyons is fortunate in having been able to work on the papers of the late Mr. John Dillon, which cover the period from the days of the Land War to the middle twenties of the present century. He has also consulted the papers of J. F. X. O'Brien who was one of the treasurers of the Irish Party, as well as the William O'Brien and Michael Davitt MSS., which last are at present in the hands of Professor T. W. Moody of Dublin University who is writing the life of the founder of the Land League. Mr. Lyons' book, a very careful and scholarly piece of work, is provided with a good index, and an excellent bibliography.

Return of the Nazis?

By TERENCE PRITTIE

A FEW weeks ago an obscure German politician betted bottles of champagne on the result of a Land election. He backed his own party—which had never before contested a Land election—to win twenty-two seats out of a total of 150. He was ready to give a bottle of champagne for each seat short of twenty-two won by his party. In the event, he lost his bet and had to produce six bottles of champagne. But he was probably perfectly satisfied.

The politician was Dr. Fritz Dorls, once an active member of the Nazi party and now titular head of the Socialist Reichs Party in western Germany. Dr. Dorls—along with ex-general Otto Remer—the man who frustrated the plot to oust the Nazis from power in July 1944—formed his party little more than nine months ago. He nursed it tenderly and gave it only the shortest of trial canterers in the North Rhine-Westphalian Land elections last July. Two candidates were put up in remote country districts. Their wild speeches attracted little interest and when the elections were over the Socialist Reichs Party had polled just 0.2 per cent. of the total electorate. In the industrial Ruhr this event passed almost unnoticed. Not so in neighbouring Land Lower Saxony where Dr. Dorls and ex-general Remer had by then established their headquarters and where they were building up an organisation which, they hoped, would play a big part in the politics of the Land and, possibly, of all western Germany. Interested British observers in the Land capital of Hanover noticed that the new party had polled eight per cent. of the votes in the Rhineland constituencies which it had fought—eight per cent. in an area which is traditionally Catholic and conservative, where there is no refugee problem, and where unemployment is, for Germany, comparatively low. These observers decided to watch the Socialist Reichs Party carefully in the future. That is why, fully three weeks before the Lower Saxony election took place at the beginning of May, they were able to forecast the measure of success won by the new party with prophetic accuracy.

It is pleasant to note an occasion when officialdom was so utterly unsurprised. It is not so pleasant to analyse the outcome of their Jeremiad and the sort of unhappy forecast which so few soothsayers are honest enough to make. The Socialist Reichs Party fought the Lower Saxony election on a straight Nazi ticket. They deplored the present federal structure and constitution of western Germany. They called the Bonn Government the lickspittle of the Western Powers and its black, red, gold flag 'the banner of defeat and of those who crawl to conquerors'. They ridiculed democratic government as something wishy-washy and un-German, and they called for the strong rule of 'experts' in its place. This new regime, they thought, should be backed by a Youth Front and a Labour Front built up on the familiar Nazi pattern. It would secure order through a centralised police force but also through a 'Reichsfront', or uniformed *corps d'élite* of the same type as the S.S. of Heinrich Himmler. This was to be the basis for their new Germany which might, for that matter, turn out to be not so new after all.

So much for the positive side of their programme, if, indeed, the

creation of an undemocratic, police state can be called positive in any sense whatever. Plans for the future played only a minor part in the political campaign of the Socialist Reichs Party; far more time was given up to vilifying their opponents and the Occupying Powers. The Bonn Government, naturally, was the obvious cockshy. Dorls, Remer and their associates accused it of failing to re-establish the honour of

the German army, of ruthlessly repressing the so-called 'small Nazi', of doing far too little in the material sense for the refugees, of knuckling under to Allied orders. An equally obvious scape-goat for the indignities of defeat and occupation was that half-fledged wartime resistance movement within Germany itself to Hitler. Remer himself had played a significant if fortuitous part in keeping Hitler in power. He had to justify himself. He therefore announced publicly that he would have had the 'resisters' executed presumably just as they were in fact executed, by slow strangulation hung on meat-hooks—if the decision had rested with him. 'Those blackguards', he called them, 'who betrayed their country'. One of his followers, Hans Bormann, talked of the 'scum' who had been imprisoned by the Nazis and who were now having 'a fine old time' and contrasted them with those members of the Nazi Party—'decent, honest fellows', he called them—whom the Allies had interned in 1945. In 1918 Germany had been stabbed in the back by the mutinying Kiel sailors; in 1944 the villains of the piece were men like Beck and Witzleben, Kleist and Rommel. The resistance to Hitler was, in short, high treason and those who had scotched it and stamped it out with their jack-boots were loyal Germans.

The third Aunt Sally in the Socialist Reichs Party picture is, naturally, the Occupying Powers. Herr Richter, who

ranks as one of the moderates in the party, declared that Truman, Clay and Eisenhower should be imprisoned as war criminals and that MacArthur should be tried in that same Hamburg war-crimes court where Von Manstein was sentenced. Herr Richter called Lord Vansittart the 'prince of liars' and Churchill a dictator, while General Clay had disgraced himself by 'boozing and guzzling with the Bolsheviks'. Remer railed against Britain for her 'anti-Europeanism' and demanded the return of Austria to Germany by the Western Powers. He 'knew that the Americans had massacred North Koreans out of sheer fright. Hans Festge, former *Hauptsturmfuehrer* in the NSDAP, stated on oath that there had only been one concentration camp gas chamber in Germany. That was at Dachau and it had done a proper job cremating prisoners who had died of old age. The others had been installed by the Americans after 1945 for propaganda purposes. Pictures taken of the concentration camps were forgeries and the dead in the mass-graves were really wax dummies.

This might seem to be the limits of denunciation, but the speakers of the new Nazi party went further. The Americans had thrust pieces of glowing wood under the finger-nails of their captives in order to extort confessions. The German war criminals in Landsberg gaol had been led several times to the scaffold in order to give American women the chance to photograph them being mock-executed. The Americans had appointed tribunals composed exclusively of Jews to sentence



Otto Remer, founder, with Dr. Fritz Dorls, of the new Socialist Reichs Party in Germany

Germans to death. One man, Werner Baensch, told a public gathering with the utmost certainty that the British gave their political prisoners in Germany a daily dose of arsenic in their bread ration in order to make them sterile. 'I know this only too well', he declared. 'They did it to me and it was all part of the Morgenthau Plan'.

These latter-day Nazis did more than conduct a violent election campaign of their own in Lower Saxony. They began to dress up strongly armed bodyguards in uniform—black breeches, white shirts, armbands and insignia and the inevitable jackboots. They played military music, with a noticeable preference for the Badenweiler and Preussens Gloria marches which were Hitler's own favourites. They broke up the election meetings of other parties by the use of a skilled technique. They did not employ physical violence, but at a chosen moment one of their soap-box orators would jump out from among the audience and shout, 'Who wants to hear a word for the old soldiers?' When he was greeted by a storm of cheers from those of his own followers whom he had brought along for just this act, he could mount the platform and deliver a smashing attack on the Bonn Government and the democratic parties. He did not necessarily have to talk about old soldiers. Refugees, bombed-out persons, war-widows, unemployed—any class would make a theme.

Nazi slogans, Nazi methods and a Nazi programme—perhaps it was not so very surprising to find these again, only six years after Hitler played out his last act in the true Nibelung tradition. But it should at least have been harder to find a Nazi audience. Sometimes, especially in the large towns, it was, but several points about this Socialist Reichs Party election campaign are worth noting. Meetings were generally full and audiences, although their frequent shouts of approval may have been partly stage-effects, were enthusiastic. Germans who attended these meetings were struck by the number of young people there—in sharpest contrast to those of other parties. They were struck, too, by the fact that alone of all parties the S.R.P. actually charged entrance money at many of their meetings and still filled them.

Germans seem to have been surprised by the results of the election. Eleven per cent. of the electorate, nearly 400,000 people, voted on the S.R.P. ticket. The new party became the fourth most powerful in the Land, and captured four seats by direct vote. It was strongest in a great triangle of territory which stretches from a point north of Hanover to the Elbe frontier of the Soviet zone and then west to the Dutch border. This area is probably the poorest in western Germany and contains that breeding-ground of rabid nationalism, the Luneburg Heath. The poorest people are certainly likely to be the most discontented; they need not necessarily be the most dumbly reactionary. But in a Germany where the Russian dread prevents people from going communist, the two things tend to go hand in hand. The S.R.P. has now a fairly secure base. They will hold it as long as there is real economic want in Germany and as long as social reconstruction must wait on the prior financial demands of western defence.

Reaction in Germany to the appearance of a well-organised party of unregenerate Nazis was encouragingly swift and strong. Newspaper

editorials were severely critical. Their letterpresses showed that readers were shocked as well as scared. The Bonn Government immediately banned the uniformed bullies of the Reichsfront. They considered banning the S.R.P. itself but referred this to the Supreme Court of the Federal Constitution. The Minister of the Interior, Dr. Lehr, hurried off to Lower Saxony to see the situation on the ground for himself. Report has it that his fame travelled ahead of him and garage proprietors refused to find space for his car. On his return to Bonn Dr. Lehr emphasised the seriousness of the situation. He was not referring to lack of garage space.

What are the chances of the S.R.P., or for that matter any similar party, in the future? I believe that the great mass of the German people does not want the Nazis back. Even though the occasional swastika is still being scrawled up on the walls, the big towns such as Hamburg and Dusseldorf would not have them at any price. But those German political analysts who think that the S.R.P. can only exist in a backward Lower Saxony are over-optimistic. Nationalist fanatics are beginning to appear in refugee-ridden Schleswig-Holstein and already have a firm foothold in local government there. In Hesse the ex-Nazis have identified themselves with a superficially respectable Free Democrat Party, but that may be only a tactical manoeuvre. It is significant that the police authorities in Hesse have warned the Land government that the situation is just about as bad as it was in 1932. In Bavaria there are periodic outbursts of political hysteria, which have not been alarming only because they have found no real focus. There are plenty of moral and economic backwoods in Germany and the S.R.P. has not yet made its effort outside the borders of Lower Saxony. Rather ridiculously, the S.R.P. is thinking of attacking the industrial Ruhr next, where political thought is most mature in Germany, where a Catholic population is averse to that misguided Prussian idea of 'German dynamism' and where there is little unemployment and the frustration and discontent which go with it. The S.R.P. will certainly fail there.

A German paper, the *Nation Europa*, recently wrote: 'The demand for a European nation today is identical with that secret inspiration which integrated Frenchmen, Flemings, Danes, Scandinavians, Finns and other foreigners into certain S.S. formations'. At Belsen, it is said, the Jewish monument is being continually defaced and the memorial tablet which commemorated the shameful story of the local concentration camp has been quietly removed. These are examples of ruffianism which could occur in any country. The result of the Lower Saxony election is rather the recurrence of that political malaria which afflicts Germany. In a temperate climate malaria need not be taken too seriously. But the political climate of Germany will only be kept temperate if social progress marches at more than its present pace, if the youth of Germany finds that a free life is worth living, if the infant Federal Republic is bound into the comity of western nations by ties which are steely resistant to the forces of Nationalism and Nazism, and not least resistant to the considerable activities of the apparently ridiculous Remer and the apparently absurd Dr. Dorls.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

The Changing Tone of Public Controversy

By LORD STANS_GATE

I HAVE called this talk 'The Changing Tone of Public Controversy'. But don't be alarmed; it only means some memories of the last sixty years so arranged as to contrast the new with the old in political form in the party prize ring. We have all read of the Eatanswill election and most of us can remember the time when, especially in the country, the final political arguments were bill posting and pots of paint. The declaration of the poll was the end. What a change now! You can see every day in St. Stephen's Hall, waiting for admission to the debates, studious queues, browsing on the latest survey or nibbling at some statistical table. I have no doubt that this is all to the good. It is the flowering of an educated democracy and I respect it. But I hope you will not mind if I say that I miss the old robustious days—the chunks of Ebenezer Elliott and John Bunyan, the days when the most honest Chancellor of all time frankly admitted that he did not know what the damned dots meant. I myself admire the

vigorous though unlearned Victorian slapstick. In this respect I admit that I am a confirmed Churchillian.

The first election in which I took an active part was in 1889 for the then new London County Council. The late Lord Rosebery (for some time my father's colleague) would not have considered it party politics at all. The polite progressives faced the modest moderates in a tepid struggle. But revolutionary work was going on all the same. Sydney Webb was the fifth column and those distinguished progressive gentlemen were really, so it seems, unsuspecting stooges, the cryptos preparing all unwittingly the way for Mr. Morrison's Red Revolution in London. Quite other was the case in St. George's East, the heart of the London Docks, where in 1892 I helped my father in my first real election. The waterside workers had just won their fight for the 'Dockers' Tanner', not an increase of sixpence, but a minimum wage of sixpence an hour. The Dockers' Union was being built up. My father had rented 203

Cable Street, naming it Gladstone House, and John Burns, Ben Tillett, Tom Mann and other Labour leaders would drop in for breakfast after a dock-gate meeting. It was all very exciting. I was secretly gratified that the local boys pointed me out as 'Young Gladstone'. There was a hint of the crusade in it all. Indeed I believe Tom Mann contemplated taking Holy Orders. The street processions with the costly and lovely trade union banners had a touch of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers'.

I don't remember often hearing the word capitalism. We just denounced the people we called 'the rich', and of course we had our spell binders. There was our star turn, the President of a Builders' Labourers Union. He prepared a masterpiece for a town hall meeting. It ended with the words, 'The rich, they batten on the poor'—a pause for the crowning glory—'they batten on the poor like the vulture!' There was a puzzled silence. In Cable Street we had not heard about this vulture. The speaker took a breath and repeated, 'Like a vulture'—and then by way of explanation—'a bird in foreign parts'. Once this was clear the applause became deafening.

Quick Wit of the East-ender

Those East-enders were quick-witted. During the hearing of the St. George's Election Petition in 1896 a dockerman was being questioned 'as to credit' by Mr. Samuel Cock, Q.C. 'Oh', said Mr. Cock witheringly, 'so you are a casual'. The witness loosened the red handkerchief round his throat, thrust his head forward and replied, 'Yus, I get a job when I can—same as wot yer does yerself'. That concluded the cross-examination. But to return to the actual contest. In addition to the dock strike there was the Irish question—indeed a burning issue. The most eloquent of Mr. Redmond's Party used to come to our help; and the platform battle was sometimes followed up by violent street encounters among the rank and file. I remember a great supporter consulting my father on a ticklish point. 'You see, Mr. Benn', he explained compendiously, 'my old woman was arguing about the voting and she got £5 or a month. Now what I want to ask you is, shall I pay the fine, or shall I save up the money and take her to Brighton when she comes out?' Looking back, I think the most wonderful thing was the real comradeship among the working people. Although every day saw the arrival of hundreds of Jews, fleeing from persecution in eastern Europe, there was little or no anti-semitism. I believe the reason was not that the Gentile understood the power of the Zionist appeal. It was just a real sympathy for these poor folk in their plight. A very popular song of the day was 'It's the poor that helps the poor'.

So much for East London electioneering sixty years ago. Of what went on in the House of Commons I had no direct experience. But my father used to bring the news home. He told us, I remember, of the free fight in 1893. It appears to have begun, during a division, in a dispute between two members, Mr. Logan and Mr. Hayes Fisher (later Lord Downham). But standing by, watchful and ready, were the Irish. Seeing the peace broken they began a separate operation against the famous Ulster leader, Colonel Sanderson, who promptly took off his coat for the battle. Unlike the time when Ronald McNeill threw the *Guide to Procedure* at Winston or Mr. Shinwell slapped Commander Bower, this engagement was general and prolonged. My father told me that Mr. Gladstone's distress was pitiful. But a true perspective demands that I should add this. The Irish sweetened the fierceness of their ways by incomparable humanity and wit. Let me give you two instances. A brilliant young M.P. and poet, Tom Kettle—he was killed fighting as a volunteer for the British—was opposed in the election campaign by the son of the same Colonel Sanderson, who repeatedly urged the claim of his parentage. 'My opponent', said Tom Kettle, 'has so often assured us that he is the son of Colonel Sanderson that I, for one, am prepared to accept his statement'. But jokes are no laughing matter, they can gain friends and confirm fealties. I met Tim Healy once, patrolling the Speaker's corridor with his two followers. He said, 'Benn, how's your father? I'm very fond of your father. Do you know why? He always laughed at my jokes'.

Just one final instance of heartening pugnacity in high quarters. In 1897 a tory M.P. was made a judge. We Liberals roundly called it a job. My father was candidate at the ensuing by-election. He received a neatly written halfpenny postcard which read, 'Dear Mr. Benn, May I wish you success in your fight for a seat somewhat strangely vacated. W. E. G.' Mr. Gladstone was eighty-eight and yet could leap into the arena to help a humble follower. That was what we thought of as leadership.

Well, perhaps that is enough about politics before the Great Lib Victory of 1906, in which I was personally concerned as candidate my father's old seat. My opponent was a very pleasant music-hall proprietor, and St. George's was thrilled to be canvassed—alas, in the Conservative interest—by Miss Marie Lloyd. I thought there was not quite the fury of ten years before. The chief issues of my election were South Africa and the tariff. As to South Africa there were two points: indentured labour, which we rather boldly called 'Chinese slavery', and the injustice done to the Boers. We thought of them as a small people badly used. Great men like John Morley and Campbell Bannerman thought so too, and said so. 'Methods of barbarism', said Sir Henry. Now these outspoken opinions not only had the best possible effect in South Africa, as we learned later, but had a remarkable effect on us. If great men not only agreed with us, but would face abuse for our common faith, how they gripped us in loyalty.

It was in this spirit of devotion that we arrived at Westminster in 1906: a horde 'drunk with victory', as you might say. One of our early experiences was the speech of a young lawyer from Liverpool—a Mr. F. E. Smith. He produced a high-quality Oxford Union effort quite new to us. We loyally and persistently interrupted. He did not seem to mind. He put strings across the path; we tripped up. He dug pits; we fell in. He asked rhetorical questions; we answered them. In short we presented him with a parliamentary triumph. Yes, but our faith was confirmed.

What, however, rather bothered us on the back benches was the suspicion that some sort of understanding existed between the two front benches. In debate they were wonderful. We cheered our men to the echo and every evening at eleven renewed in the Division lobby our electoral triumph. But all the same when we saw deadly enemies go out arm-in-arm we had the impression that there was some sort of right-honourable fraternity from which we, who had won the victory, were left out. We thought a leader should be kinder to his friends than to his foes. That is why we followed Lloyd George. He did hit and he meant it—and he was always like that right up to the end.

Then the war of 1914. All the honest party passions were gloriously blended in a national effort, and it was done without any stimulation from the Ministry of Information or even a B.B.C. I don't believe people bothered much to hate the Germans; they just craved to serve their country. The scene in the House that day in August 1914 was remarkable. Will Crooks, a famous 'Red', led the singing of the National Anthem. Members hurried off to the front blessed by their constituents. Willy Redmond, the arch-rebel, was carried dying from the battlefield in an Ulster ambulance. With the public it was the same. Whitehall was crowded with mobs demanding to be allowed to join the Army. For my own poor little constituency we printed a book giving the names of every man—hundreds and hundreds—who had volunteered. We called it the 'St. George's Roll of Honour'. It was a best seller in a way. I am glad there were no pictures of the houses they lived in.

Beginning of the Coalition Epoch

The victory of 1918 finally turned over a page in parliamentary history. We had passed from the honest ardour of party to the coalition epoch. This was reflected formally in the manners of the House of Commons itself. As you know, your political ally is your 'Honourable Friend', everyone else is an 'Honourable Gentleman'. That is as much a rule of behaviour as raising your hat or shaking hands. But the newcomers knew nothing about this, and in an ill-conceived spirit of rotarian uplift, called everybody an 'Honourable Friend'. This distressing epidemic is still with us.

The second war and the threat of a third are re-creating the coalition mind. National uniformity is not national unity—rather the reverse—and what I have said has been, in a word, an argument for independent thought; for heart as well as head; for fostered controversy; for tolerance even of ideas we fear; for stripping off that veneer of affable compliance which permits mediocrity to pass for statesmanship. Specially do I plead for a spirit of insurgency—insurgency as a vital force. You remember the old lady at the funeral. Someone pointed out Mr. Gladstone. 'Oh', said the old lady, 'I hope he's not come to create a disturbance'. What a tribute!—*Home Service*

The Annual Register for 1950 (edited by Ivison S. Macadam, assisted by Hugh Latimer) has now been published by Longmans, price 63s. The articles include a survey of the General Election and the documents include the text of the North Atlantic Treaty.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

A Question of Vitality

LORD STANSFORD'S plea for a spirit of insurgency—readers will find the text of his talk on the previous page—will not, one hopes, go unregarded. He was concerned with the changed tone of public controversy in the political field, and with the need of 'stripping off that veneer of affable compliance which permits mediocrity to pass for statesmanship'. It is a theme on which much might be written outside, as well as inside, the sphere of politics.

It is a commonplace to observe that if life today holds much more for some people than it used to, others feel with equal conviction that it holds much less. To say that we are all of us better disciplined than we once were, that the queue has replaced the scramble, that our social conscience is more highly developed, that the necessity for 'fair shares all round' is generally approved, that we have learnt to make do with what is dished out to us without grumbling (or at least without grumbling too much)—to say all this and much else like it is no mere attempt to make the best of things as they are (however laudable that aim may be); it is to record some very solid advances in our methods—if not always in our standards—of living. Yet who would deny even in a Festival year that for high spirits and general ebullience, for gusto and panache, one can think of other ages that have been more famous than the one in which we live? The obvious causes for the decline of these characteristics—the troubled state of the world, fear of what's to come and so on—need no elaboration. But there are other causes too which might still be operating even in a world at peace with itself. Of these the one most often referred to is the growth and development of the machine. When Emerson wrote that the machine unmakes the man he was expressing in three or four words the essence of one of the greatest problems the twentieth century is in the process of facing. When machines can do for us what in a less mechanised age men had to learn to do for themselves, the result in terms of human activity and of the character and quality of that activity is not invariably a blessing. It may be a blessing, but the danger of its not being is one that is sometimes insufficiently observed and guarded against. One of the most beneficent and universally used machines today—to take an example very near home—is the wireless: for millions of people it has given access to regions of art, literature and learning that but for this invention they would never have explored. But the intention of those who control this machine would in truth be defeated were their labours to produce nothing but mental stagnation, nothing but a feeling of discouragement on the part of the listener or viewer at the thought of making any sort of creative effort for himself.

Against dangers of this kind we can each of us—if we will—construct our own defences. In the last resort the question is one of vitality. As a people we have often enough been credited (or debited) with various shortcomings—want of imagination, want of foresight, want of principle, and so forth; but it has never been widely suggested that one of our major characteristics is a want of vitality. Were such a mistaken impression to gain currency, it might seem to derive from that spirit of national uniformity—not to be confused, as Lord Stansford observes, with national unity—which we sometimes feel is overtaking us. Against such a spirit it is surely not the mark of a bad citizen to be insurgent.

What They Are Saying

Broadcast comments on Korea and Persia

TWO DAYS BEFORE the anniversary of the communist aggression in Korea, Mr. Malik, Soviet delegate to the United Nations, concluded a fifteen-minute broadcast—consisting mainly of attacks against the Western Powers and the Atlantic Pact—with a proposal for a conference to discuss a cease-fire in Korea. Mr. Malik's proposal was followed quickly by a cautious statement by the United States State Department, and this note of caution was also maintained in a comment quoted from the *New York Times*, which declared that, since Russia had so long used words in a sense alien to their true meaning, it was only natural that her latest proposals should be received with caution. Up to the time of writing there has been no further broadcast comment, apart from the publicity given to Mr. Malik's broadcast by Moscow radio.

Meanwhile, since the breakdown of the Deputies' talks in Paris, broadcasts from Moscow and the satellite countries had been pouring out propaganda about the western delegates alone bearing the guilt for the breakdown. A typical comment was quoted from the communist *L'Humanité*:

The Governments of the United States, Britain and France yesterday broke off negotiations between the Deputies. They have thereby shown their desire to prevent the meeting of the four Foreign Ministers, asked for by the Soviet Government. This western decision is extremely serious; in the diplomatic field it represents a decision which completes the aggressive military measures against the Soviet Union and the Peoples' Democracies.

Another subject regarding which communist propaganda last week inverted reality was the tenth anniversary of the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union—on June 22. Judging by Moscow radio's vast output on the subject, listeners might be expected to draw the conclusion that the second world war only began on June 22, 1941, and the familiar allegations were made that, prior to that date, the Western Powers were collaborating with Hitler in preparation for the attack on Russia. The nature of the collaboration was unspecified, and, of course, no mention was made of the invaluable help given to Nazi Germany by the Soviet Union in the twenty-two months following the signature of the Nazi-Soviet Pact while the west was fighting for its life. The western contribution to victory was minimised, if not ignored, both before the Russian entry into the war and after—giving listeners the impression that the Red Army won the war alone. Thus, an article in *Izvestia*, quoted by Moscow radio, stated:

Under the wise leadership of Stalin, the Soviet armies thwarted the *Blitzkrieg* plans of the German Fascists and buried the myth of the invincibility of the Hitlerite army. The reactionary ruling circles of Britain and the United States hoped that the Soviet Union would exhaust its forces in the duel with the *entire* military power of the Hitlerite coalition. They sabotaged the opening of a second front in Europe. Yet these calculations of the imperialist beasts of prey proved a failure. In the spring of 1945 the Soviet army captured Berlin, brought the war to a victorious conclusion and forced Hitler's Germany to unconditional surrender.

The situation in Persia received a certain amount of attention in broadcasts from the communist world last week. A 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna radio called Mr. Morrison's speech in Parliament 'aggressive' and described him as having said that 'co-operation with Persia is impossible'. It may be noted that the so-called 'Azerbaijan Democratic' radio, which operates on Soviet territory, and which had previously attacked Mossadegh as not being firm enough in his handling of the British 'imperialists', last week changed its tune. His Government, it said, was 'sincerely serving the nation': his next step should be to 'co-operate with the progressive elements'. Another broadcast by the same station in Kurdish recited a poem entitled 'Revenge', exhorting listeners to 'kill the enemy . . . shed his blood and destroy his aims. . . . Oh, Kurds! Enough of your slavery and deprivation!' From America, the *New York Times* was quoted as paying tribute to the 'exemplary patience and coolheadedness' with which Britain was acting. The paper added that if Persia pursued her present tactics, only a miracle could save her from anarchy, bankruptcy and Soviet imperialism. From Australia, the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* was quoted as deploring any proposal to abandon the oil fields:

The unexpressed reason for this extraordinary attitude was the fear that any move to protect the refinery by landing troops might lead to Russian intervention. A weaker reason would be hard to find.

Did You Hear That?

FLATS THAT CANNOT BE LET

CRITICISM HAS BEEN MADE of a block of flats by the architect Le Corbusier, which is being built in Marseilles. THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. correspondent, speaking in 'The Eye-witness', said:

'Le Corbusier describes his work as a two-fold experiment, an architectural and a social experiment combined. Its appearance certainly bears out the claim to architectural novelty. It is an enormous rectangular block of reinforced concrete, about 140 yards long, 25 yards wide, and 185 feet high, with 17 storeys. There is no ground floor at all; the great mass stands away from the ground, carried on a series of huge concrete stilts. These stilts are set into the earth at intervals in pairs, and the result is that one can look under the building between the stilts clean through to the other side.

'The building is to contain, among other things, 350 flats, ranging in size from one to six rooms, and capable of housing about 1,500 people. But that is not all, by any means; and it is at this point that the social side of the experiment comes into the picture. Le Corbusier has set out to produce what he calls a "unit", and so he has provided a broad avenue running inside the building where shops and offices can be installed. In addition, there are to be playgrounds, tennis courts, and even a swimming pool, all on the roof. In other words, the unit is to be as nearly self-sufficient as possible. The flats themselves are to have a number of unusual features, too. They all have one large room, fourteen and a half feet high, and a kitchen equipped with metal sinks, cabinets, electric stove, ice box and garbage disposal. The kitchen is very small indeed, so small in fact that one can reach everything inside it without moving a step. The bedrooms have extremely low ceilings, only seven feet three inches high. For this reason they have been adversely criticised by the National Council of Hygiene, but Le Corbusier has held his ground. He says that bedrooms are meant to lie down in, and do not need the height of a living-room.

'The original idea was that the building should be put at the disposal of people in the Marseilles region, preference being given to those who had lost their homes because of the war, and who would be able to buy new ones with the compensation they received from the government. But when the lists were opened, there were few, if any, takers, even on a rental basis. It was then decided to drop the regional limitation, and allow anyone in France to reserve accommodation. The public response was again very discouraging; partly because of the prices but also because the individualistic French temperament does not take kindly to the "bee-hive" kind of life. So a special committee was set up to see what could be done with the place. An attempt to induce private capital to take it over as a hotel had no

success whatever. A suggestion that it should be used for housing the local fire brigade has also fallen through. There is now talk of using it as headquarters for civil servants and their families temporarily stationed in the region. But there has been no concrete result so far'.

CHIPPENDALE'S IMITATORS AND GHOSTS

'Our knowledge of Chippendale's life', said ERNEST MUSGRAVE in a North of England Home Service talk, 'is very scanty. The only record we have of him before his marriage in 1748 is the entry in the register of the parish church of Otley of his baptism in 1718. He was apparently settled in London when he married his first wife there, at the age of thirty. He afterwards moved to St. Martin's Lane and from this new address at the age of thirty-six he published a book of designs for furniture which was to bring prosperity to his business and lasting fame to himself. A fame which was perhaps quite unwarranted but not entirely undeserved.

'This famous book he called *The Gentleman and Cabinet Makers' Director*, "being", as he describes it, "a large collection of the most elegant and useful designs of household furniture in the Gothic, Chinese and modern taste". It consists of 160 plates, showing chairs, tables, beds, commodes, chests and all manner of pieces. In the preface to his book, Chippendale addresses himself to all manner of wealthy people with extraordinary assurance. He claims that what he has written is

"calculated to improve and refine present taste" and that the designs are "suited to the fancy and circumstances of persons in all degrees of life". This book of designs was to become the recognised handbook of contemporary furniture, and was

destined also to lay the foundation of the Chippendale legend.

'Buyers of furniture were not the only subscribers to Chippendale's book. Among the illustrious names of the nobility and gentry who subscribed to it you find the names of other cabinet-makers in competition with Chippendale. Once the book was out they began to use these designs for their own productions, copying or freely interpreting the patterns. The result was that dozens of firms must have been making furniture which, because it looked like genuine Chippendale designs (no matter how remotely), came under the general heading of Chippendale, and this has led to a certain amount of confusion. In fact, since that time it has been customary to ascribe to him almost any piece of mahogany, gilded or inlaid furniture carried out in the French, Gothic, Chinese or neo-classic manner, as well as quite a lot of simple furniture.

'But during recent years the study of the Georgian cabinet-makers has revealed a great amount of new evidence about the work of people like George Seddon, William Vile, John Cobbe and Ince and Mayhew. It has been found that many pieces that have been called Chippendale



Le Corbusier's seventeen-storey block of flats in Marseilles, planned as a 'unit' with shops, offices, playgrounds, etc., so that it is as self-sufficient as possible. There is no ground floor: the inset (right) shows the huge concrete stilts on which the building rests

French Government Tourist Office



are really the work of these other craftsmen. One very startling discovery was that Chippendale had been wrongly credited with the original designs for the book published under his name. Most of the designs were, in fact, carried out by Matthias Lock and H. Copland, who are now frequently referred to as Chippendale's ghosts'.

HENRY IRVING AS HAMLET

In a Third Programme talk PHILIP CARR spoke of the five Hamlets he saw as a young man—Irrving, Forbes-Robertson, Frank Benson, Beerbohm Tree and Sarah Bernhardt.

'For most people', he said, 'the character of Hamlet is summed up in a catchword—the gloomy Dane. But Hamlet is not gloomy. He is profoundly melancholy, but he is not even that all the time. Three actors—Irrving, Forbes-Robertson and Sarah Bernhardt—made a point



'Unhand me, gentlemen! By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!' A contemporary artist's impression of Henry Irving as Hamlet at the Lyceum in 1874

R. Mander and J. Mitchenson collection

of bringing out the whimsical and humorous aspects of the character. It is equally misleading to describe Hamlet as delicate and weak, lacking in physical courage and decision, and incapable of action. For his courage, it is sufficient to say that he does not hesitate for a moment before following the ghost and threatening with death those who try to prevent him, before boarding the pirate ship, and before engaging in mortal combat with Laertes besides Ophelia's grave. As for his decision and action, they are proved not only by these examples, but by the fact that in the play he three times kills a man. "Yes", you may say, "but he cannot screw himself up to kill the King". Cannot he? He does. Indeed, he kills the King twice. Once it turns out to be Polonius, but Hamlet thinks he is killing the King. He can quite well kill the King on the spur of the moment, when he is in a passion, and when he catches him red-handed at eavesdropping or poisoning. What he cannot do is to kill him after long reflection. That is Hamlet—a tragedy of the mind.

'And because it is a tragedy of the mind, I have no hesitation in saying that, of the five Hamlets of my youth, Irving's was incomparably the greatest. And I say this with certainty, although I was only ten years old when he played the part for the last time—he refused to revive it after he was forty-seven. My critical appreciation of it from having seen it would therefore be valueless. Yet I claim that as I knew Irving personally from my early childhood, and as I followed all his work in the theatre from my boyhood onwards, I am entitled to place his Hamlet on this pinnacle by reason of what I imagine it to have been. This is indeed what Max Beerbohm has done when he says of it, "the gentleness (with a faint strain of cruelty), the aloofness, the grace and force of intellect, the mystery and above all the sheer beauty which his interpretation must have had". No doubt the performance must also have been infused with what Bernard Shaw has called "that strange

Lyceum intensity, which comes from the perpetual struggle between Henry Irving and Shakespeare", although I should have described it as a struggle to realise Shakespeare. He was forcing the soul—to use Gordon Craig's phrase about him—and forcing it with that indomitable will which made Ellen Terry often say of him "He never did anything easily".

'The circumstances of Irving's Hamlet differed in one important respect from those of the other four artists. When they played Hamlet, they were all managers of their own theatres and indisputably leaders in their profession. In the case of Irving, it was his Hamlet which put him at the head of his profession, and enabled him to become his own manager. It was his trial of strength. The great test was eagerly awaited by partisans and enemies. For two acts, the battle seemed lost. But "by the end of the third act", said Joseph Knight, "the audience came under the spell of the actor in a way such as we read of in past performances, but scarcely, so far as English acting is concerned, can recall". "In Hamlet", said Ellen Terry, "Henry Irving did not go to the audience. He made them come to him".

THE 'TONGUE' LIGHT VESSEL

'The *Tongue* lightship at the mouth of the Thames lies about five miles from Margate, and twenty from Clacton-on-Sea', said JEROME WILLIS in a talk in the Home Service. 'Its main function is to guide the big liners up the narrow channel that leads into the Thames and the port of London. I went down on the Trinity House steamship *Ready* from Blackwall wharf. The *Ready* takes relief crews out to the lightships and other crews back home again. It also picks up buoys, replaces them, and takes them back for overhaul.

'In the chart room of the *Ready* I learnt a lot about the reason for lightships. Look at the average map of the mouth of the Thames. You will see what looks like a clear stretch of water between Clacton and Margate. But on the mariner's map it is a totally different thing. You will see coloured squiggles and snaky-like segments which mark sandbanks hidden by only a few feet of water. The main job of the *Tongue* lightship is to guide the big ships past these danger points towards that deep channel marked by two buoys at the entrance. This is called the Edinburgh Channel, where the depth of the water is forty-eight feet. The *Tongue* lightship has other jobs besides guiding the big ships towards this channel: it has to blow fog signals or fire a peculiar-looking primitive gun to warn vessels who might have ignored other signals.

'To all outward appearances it is an ordinary ship. But when you go below you find that the Diesel engines are concerned only with supplying power for lights and fog siren. Modern lightships are designed rather like North Sea trawlers, and cost about £90,000 each.

'I went all over the ship with the fifty-year-old master Henry Tyrell. We climbed the ladder up to the lantern. Dusk was just falling, so it was time for our light to glow. Up in the glass tower which they call the lantern there are four reflectors with two electric bulbs in each. He pulled a switch and the light started to revolve, sending out its beams over the rapidly darkening oily sea. To see that nothing goes wrong with that light is one of his jobs while on watch. The other is to keep a sharp look-out at sea in case some careless mariner is picking the wrong buoys and is in danger of going aground. If that happens the primitive-looking cannon is called into action to fire a warning shot. This gun looks like a museum piece, and the master was rather piqued when I asked if it was merely adorning the deck in memory of Nelson. Normally there are two men on watch. One is the deck watch to see that the lamp is all right. He is called the "Lampie". Then there is the man below in the engine room who has to see that the dynamo is going all right. Neither is a mechanic, but they understand these particular engines. If anything really goes wrong they have to radio to shore to send someone out. Meanwhile oil lamps are lighted and placed in the lantern.

'In the modern lightships like the *Tongue*, the men sleep in spacious double-berth cabins. There are six of them aboard, together with the master, and the work is not arduous, earning for them about £8 weekly, even when they are on shore. Their greatest burden is monotony. Naturally a lightship man has to get on with his mates. So the crews have to be picked rather carefully. Six men marooned together on a little ship for a whole month simply must get on'.

Do New Techniques Need New Virtues?

Canon V. A. DEMANT comments on Bertrand Russell's talks, 'Living in an Atomic Age'

THERE are two forms of adaptation necessary in life, and they are of opposite kinds. In one we have to adapt ourselves to new facts that cannot be altered or to situations we have wanted to bring about without realising all they imply. If a man gets married he must adapt himself to that relation and not behave as if he were still a dependent child. If you get a weak heart you can live long and well by cultivating a gentle rhythm of life.

Adaptation or Disaster

These are adaptations to desired or inevitable situations. But another kind of adaptation is called for when you discover that certain developments need counteracting because, though they may have done good in one way, they have unbalanced life as a whole. For example, serious thought requires a certain amount of solitude and quiet; but it is strange what queer and crazy ideas a man can get if he keeps away from others and never hammers out his thought with them. When he discovers this he will adapt himself by balancing his solitude with social intercourse. Here is another case: a community may go in for one main kind of product or crop only, because of quick gains in trade, and find that soon its economy is lop-sided and will cease to be profitable. Adaptation then requires a variety or rotation of products. Or, again, if you begin to suffer from some kinds of rheumatism and then adapt yourself by following the inclination to stop moving your joints, that will increase the danger of permanent immobility. The proper adaptation would be a kind of resistance.

The first kind we may call wise adaptation to change: the second a wise adaptation of change towards normality or health or the good life. It will be clear that if you practise the first kind of adaptation when the second is needed, you are heading for disaster. This is what I think Bertrand Russell has been advocating in the magnificent series of broadcasts he has just concluded called 'Living in an Atomic Age'. He there set himself the noble task of clarifying some of the serious perplexities of our modern situation, and offered interpretations of it so that men may regain some direction of world affairs instead of feeling carried along helplessly in the wake of events. But he has set about this task with a philosophy imbibed from an earlier period—I mean an earlier stage of those developments which have led us to the predicaments he is concerned with. A bigger dose of the same thing is advocated when really an antidote is required.

I do not think Bertrand Russell was doing this in all his judgments; but in his central assumptions, I would say he was. There were, indeed, great insights which show him to be not entirely a representative of the forces which make the technical age a danger. For instance, when he said that a successful life needs more than intellectual conviction, he was correcting an error which has informed much of recent history. Again, how right he was when he insisted that fear is not an effective motive for constructive measures of healing and for setting man's house in order. It inhibits instead of stimulating. But surely the motive he advanced in his second talk to take the place of fear and heroism, namely 'a just estimate of self-interest', if not so numbing as fear, is, at any rate, not vital enough for great constructive purposes. Does anyone really believe that a just estimate of self-interest will solve our problems? Or that we can dispense with all heroism, the readiness to dedicate oneself to a cause at a cost—virtues which Lord Russell, running away with himself in an eloquent passage, attributes to an out-of-date ideal which admires the leader of a gang of pirates?

There was a third insight in Lord Russell's talks which formed a kind of major premise of his whole argument. It was that conflicts within man set him at loggerheads with other men. I have two observations to make here. While it is true that conflict often springs from disorder within men, it sometimes arises from a plain lack of something, as Bertrand Russell admits has been the case of wars in the past. And the conflict with nature, of which he has much to say, is necessary because nature will not give up her powers to man unless he wrestles to get them. It is an objective resistance he has to cope with. And Lord Russell tends to ignore the fact that conflicts between men or

wars between peoples may come from objectively hostile behaviour on the part of others, which must be met by men or peoples who are not spurred to aggression by their own inner disharmonies. Here again I think he has forced an argument from a true insight and given it misleading applications because of his philosophy of human nature.

I now take up his main theme. To begin with, observe that it was couched in terms of a large number of 'ifs and ans'. If only men were more reasonable, co-operative, fearless and happy, then our worst dangers would be overcome. This is not a very effective type of persuasion, because the hardest kind of problem human nature is faced with is not to find out what changes would be beneficial, but how to make them. Many a drunkard knows he would be a better man if he were sober, and many a thief if he were honest, and a hot-tempered person if he were patient. To tell them these things is to offer what they know already, and to have it said without the secret of power to change only adds to their inner conflict. I am a teacher of theology, and if a student for the ministry were to bring me an outline sermon for comment, I should send it back were it mainly a declaration of how much better the world would be if all men were saints. I would say this is not a sermon, a means of persuasion, it is merely a set of hypothetical statements which are so true that they help nothing.

Of course Lord Russell is not all the time saying we could have bacon and eggs if only we had bacon, provided we had some eggs. But, listening to his talks, I got something like that impression. In one important aspect he did indicate how he thinks we can acquire the virtues the atomic age needs, and indeed they turn out to be the old virtues of love, joy, peace, mutual help and courage. What he does want new is an estimate of our own nature which, he believes, will lead to a rooting out of ideas and dispositions inherited from the past. It is these ideas and dispositions which, in his view, make for fear, envy and conflict.

Effects of Specialisation

What are we to say to this argument which looks so logically convincing, even if we cannot see where to begin in this universal task of changing mankind? We should first, I think, examine Bertrand Russell's attitude to what he calls 'the atomic age', an attitude which he has not said much about. And because we do not yet know how much the use of nuclear energy is going to alter the pattern of our already highly industrial and commercial culture, I shall call it the 'technical' rather than the 'atomic' age. And we must be clear that when we speak of the technical age, we are referring to a combination of at least three things: its power, its social structure and its philosophy. There is, first, the use of machines and chemical processes; these by themselves are an undoubted benefit, and any dangers in the technical age do not reside in their use. I would say there is something theologically wrong in condemning machinery and applied science, for these are the products of the spirit of man using material to multiply the result of his efforts. But there is a second factor in the modern technical age—that is, a social and economic structure built up by the large-scale use of natural power—from coal, oil and now possibly energy released from the cosmic structure of matter, atomics. This second factor has made for increased specialisation between regions, extreme divisions of labour, conglomerations of human beings in towns to be nourished from other lands; it has altered man's age-long incentives to work, impersonalised human relationships, and—as Lord Russell was at pains to show—built up concentrations of economic power which are not easily changed in direction if the situation requires it.

And there is a third factor—namely, an idea or philosophy which gives a certain uncritical and incontinent character to the technical age. It is the view that if a task can be done more efficiently—by, say, technical means or by trade between economically specialised countries, or by centralised administration—therefore it will always, in the long run at least, be for the good of man, and ought to be done that way. This philosophy ignores that the raising of vast technical structures upon the more natural bases and associations of mankind is not just an addition to human powers; it can easily impair those powers by

weakening the social and human roots from which they grow, and give a mechanical and impersonal bent to the human mind in the process. Many wise men are alarmed at the effects of what the French call the *déracination* of the human being in the modern world.

Wheat Gives Place to Factories

Now while Lord Russell is fully aware of one of these dangers, namely the menace to the reproductive power of the earth, which he dealt with in his powerful fourth lecture, he does not seem to think there is a problem in the effect the technical age has upon human beings and the roots from which they operate. He speaks as if the whole of this great development, with the three factors I have mentioned, were just putting a powerful instrument into men's hands, while the natural, associative and spiritual bases of life upon which the whole thing was reared remain unaffected. He therefore overestimates, for instance, the extent to which technical progress and large-scale production and exchange in trade indefinitely enrich even the economic basis of life. Only the other day there was a letter in *The Times* from a native of India which told how, when he revisited the United Provinces in 1949, he found that whereas in his childhood he had seen fields of corn and food grain glistening in the morning sun, he now saw vast stretches of sugar-cane—for export, I suppose—numerous factories and only occasional fields of wheat. That is only one instance to show that technical efficiency and commercial relations do not necessarily raise the level of livelihood.

But I am mainly concerned to question the idea that the social and economic effects of the technical age are things to which man should adapt himself, as if those effects were merely added ability to pursue his good aims and will surely strengthen the foundations of his life. It has for some centuries been assumed that such would be the result, and this assumption has been bound up with the philosophy which Bertrand Russell represents. The trouble began, as I see it, in the seventeenth century, when the ethical and religious tradition became separated from the scientific and the rational one. Responsibility no doubt lay on both sides—but the result was, on the one hand, that religion and ethics became an independent world of its own: and, on the other, the rational and scientific movements, making great strides in consequence of their independence, did not have to consider whether they were making for a world that really responded to man's total nature. In fact they took for granted that the moral and cultural aims they inherited were part of the very nature of man and would be with him under all conditions. Inevitably the spokesmen of the Age of Enlightenment could assume that the power now accruing to humanity would further its fuller life without question.

The easy conscience which Lord Russell bids us have was offered years ago by the creators of the new world, and widely accepted. The modern man on the whole has not been worrying about his sins for a long time—and along with this he has never thought it necessary to get a true picture of total human needs, and has assumed that technical aids would always serve him well. And some of the conflicts in man which Lord Russell attributes to the sense of sin, and holds responsible for combative attitudes, are quite likely due to men not being really at home in the mechanical, impersonal world they have created.

Lord Russell says some strange things about the combative impulses. He finds, correctly I think, that they often spring from fear—but some of his reasoning perplexed me. Only victors in the age-long struggle, he said, have survived to give mankind its outlook. How, then, can fear be traced to the psychology of victors? And then he has told us that the struggles of the Hebrew tribes have given a combative bent to our minds through the influence of the Old Testament. But surely the Amazons and the Sea-Dyaks—some of the most martial peoples of the world—never heard of Joshua or David. But, leaving these small points, a more serious argument is that the sense of sin has poisoned our life and given us those inner conflicts that make us suspicious, aggressive and full of fear. I agree with him if he means a sense of guilt which the people who have it do not know how to expiate and relieve. Then, as many of us know not only from observation but from our own experience, a sense of guilt not faced and dealt with makes us stubborn, angry, more unjust: we keep on pushing our claims and wills in the same direction as caused the first pangs. By sheer persistence we will put ourselves in the right and beat down the claims of others. But sin is a definitely religious conception and is based on a relation to God. And a sense of sin brings a knowledge that the burden of guilt can be taken away by

repentance and forgiveness. And when Christians refer to themselves as 'miserable sinners'—the word sinner is a label of responsibility. Man is not a weed or a rag, but a being who takes responsibility for himself. The word 'miserable' does not mean despicable, but needing the *misericordia* or mercy of God. It has been the sense that men are sinners in common as well as having the dignity of the image of God in them, that has in the past led our civilisation to mitigate the extreme forms of conflict. There was a certain respect for opponents, devices of sanctuary, rules for preserving an enemy society's livelihood—as when the Greeks respected each other's olive groves—and later civilian slaughter was condemned. It was this sense of a common sinfulness that prevented the conviction of being relatively in the right from meaning that oneself or one's side was so absolutely good that any means could be justified to crush the other.

These influences which civilised conflict—though we may not think much of the total effect—were real, and they have been steadily swept away since the eighteenth century—when men acquired the easy conscience Lord Russell wants us all to have more thoroughly. Would he, I wonder, contend that 'the long agony of remorse' of Orestes and Electra in Euripides' play 'Electra'—was a set-back from the questionless ruthless fulfilment of the blood-feud in the corresponding drama of Sophocles—where the heroes certainly have no sense of sin. Or did the spirit of Bolingbroke doing penance for the murder of Richard the Second stand for a humanising of political struggle or did it, as Lord Russell suggests, aggravate the combative instincts? I feel sure that he is glad, in the appropriately subdued kind of way, as I certainly am, that there is a sense of guilt for the use of the atom bomb—and wish it were more widespread. Undoubtedly a sense of guilt for something not repented of, may lead to panicky aggressive courses—but that risk is better than killing the moral scruples.

But this question of sin and guilt is not the central point, though Lord Russell made it the root cause of human disharmonies. It comes close to the main question, however, in this way. The period of increasing technical and economic development was one marked by a decline in the sense of sin and also by a decline in the belief that man had a definite nature, and that changes were to be scrutinised as to whether they corresponded to that nature and its perennial needs. And so I think there is a connection between loss of the sense of sin, and loss of control over events.

Precarious Crust of 'Civilisation'

Lord Russell, as we should expect, has seen so many real issues that confront us of which we should not be aware if we only read the newspapers. But there are one or two matters on which he seems to have learnt nothing in the course of his long and illustrious life. He is still a child of the eighteenth century in believing that reason overcomes passion, whereas men need a religious discipline to give reason vitality and passion rationality. And he is also a child of the nineteenth century in misapplying the doctrine of biological evolution to the social history of mankind. So he regards all the forces which militate against the perfecting of human existence as a hangover from the past, which has to be outgrown. His great Cambridge contemporary, John Maynard Keynes, had the same outlook in his younger days. He records in one of his *Two Memoirs*, 'We repudiated all versions of the doctrine of original sin, of there being insane and irrational springs of wickedness in most men. We were not aware that civilisation was a thin and precarious crust erected by the personality and the will of a very few and only maintained by rules and conventions skilfully put across and guilefully preserved. We had no respect for traditional wisdom or the restraints of custom. . . . It did not occur to us to respect the extraordinary accomplishments of our predecessors in the ordering of life (as it now seems to me to have been) or the elaborate framework which they had devised to protect this order. . . . As cause and consequence of our general state of mind we completely misunderstood human nature, including our own'.

The problem raised by Bertrand Russell is the dilemma that a highly technical age with closely knit interdependence makes the forces of egoism much more liable to cause universal calamity than in earlier periods. His solution is the utopian task of completely changing human nature. You might expect a moralist to endorse that whole-heartedly. But I do not and I regard no programme as a moral solution which demands a universal change that cannot begin somewhere in particular—and here where we are. The seriousness of our situation is due to a combination of the character of our civilisation with the imperfection

(continued on page 1052)

East African Outlook

By W. M. MACMILLAN

IT is particularly West Africa that has been in the news lately (besides rumblings from the South)—but it is East Africa I want to discuss here; so first I must clear the ground of a common delusion and insist that experience under West African conditions is irrelevant as a guide either to what will happen or even what should happen in the East—or for that matter in Central or South Africa. There is all the difference in the world between the West Coast—a make-up of purely African communities, varied but well-balanced—and East Africa where, besides Africans at many different stages, extremely ill-balanced groups of Europeans and Asians, not to speak of Arabs, are, as the under-privileged Africans of South Africa like to claim, 'part and parcel' of an established order. This is a good deal due to the much more varied quality of East African resources. Whereas West Africa offers little or no choice between the humid heat of the forest belt and the torrid kind beyond, the East presents a bewildering variety of climate, scene and circumstance. I think, for example, I have seen every flower I know, from the most tropical orchid to the primrose, blooming somewhere there.

Complementary Resources

The famous Kenya Highlands, the familiar, but small and inadequate example of profusion, are hardly to be compared with the fertile lands at the rainy-weather end of the great lakes, notably Buganda, and also the beautiful part of the Southern Highlands of Tanganyika near Lake Nyasa. One other contrast—each of the British West African territories is a distinct unit, with its own seaports—this being enough to make them separate even without the political accident that French or other territory divides them. The British East and Central African colonies, on the other hand, make one vast contiguous block and their varied resources are now and should be much more complementary, so that the facts of economics, even more than politics, link their fortunes together. It comes to this, that whereas in the West it is largely a question of how far Africans make or mar their future by and for themselves, the political pattern to suit the complex East African situation must be something new.

That is why I said West African experience is irrelevant—save, I now add, in one particular that is all but ignored at once by those who hail the Gold Coast constitution as a sort of blueprint for all Africa, and equally by those who mistrust this evolution as altogether too precipitate. The point both schools miss is that solutions substantially agreed by all the local interests are the only real way out anywhere, the only alternative, that is, to strife and, probably, chaos. In the Gold Coast an effective local demand really left His Majesty's Government no option but to move towards self-government—no freedom of manoeuvre. There is the flaw in the case of Dr. Malan, who disdains the teaching of experience that good government needs the consent and co-operation of the people governed, whatever their colour. But certain British Members of Parliament fly to the opposite extreme when they write to *The Times* threatening an end to the all-party (as it were 'bi-partisan') tradition of British colonial policy unless all parties accept the Gold Coast pattern for all colonies alike. For, since East Africa comprises more than Africans, this is very like Dr. Malan's thesis in reverse—that on African soil it is for Africans alone to decide the whole issue—and in fact the Gold Coast has even gone one better than the Union (or one worse) by instituting a sort of second-class category of white Members of Parliament: in the Union even the so-called 'Native' representatives are full members, but four of the six representatives of European business interests in the Gold Coast Assembly are advisory only. In West African conditions it is possible that this sort of thing may be accepted; but striking in between the opposing camps I now throw out a friendly challenge to West Africa, suggesting that East Africa's is a far greater opportunity: politically it is nothing less than to prove the possibility of building a state that will depend for its existence on the continuous co-operation of people of many races.

The mere size of this eastern half-continent, as well as its variety, has implications for future policy. Historically, Uganda—as the source

of the Nile—was originally the focus of British interest, and that at a time when it was six months' march from anywhere. As for contrasts, there is none more striking than to see how soon the rich Buganda country fades away into almost barren scrub. Uganda certainly suggested the White Settlement that first put Kenya on the map—to get someone producing something for Uganda's costly railway to carry on its long haul through unproductive country. As to Kenya, political critics must remember that much of the famous Highlands is still highly 'marginal' land, or was till a costly process of trial and error made it fruitful. In the end all its 7,000,000 acres make up only a few tiny and highly various bits and pieces of the vast East African jig-saw. The most compact unit in Kenya is in fact a rather less favoured Buganda, the part of the Lake Victoria basin which makes none the less the populous, and almost wholly African, Nyanza or Kavirondo Province.

But it is the vast conglomerate which is Tanganyika that best focuses the real issues. Typically, today and in any conceivable state of internal communications, even a geographically more central capital than Dar-es-Salaam is bound to be inaccessible to most of the vast domain it has to administer. Its one highway, the Central Railway, gives access, mostly through bush, only to the country between the two great lakes, where a large cattle-keeping population fights a doubtful battle with the tsetse-fly, though the people also grow some good cotton. The most highly developed Province lies north, where a lesser railway runs from Tanga to the truly delectable lower slopes of Kilimanjaro, and of that other great mountain, 15,000-foot Meru. Here Wachagga peasants thrive by growing coffee on fabulously rich volcanic soil; and here also some scores of European farmers of many nationalities (and a few Asians) add variety by their respectable economic activity, and some complications, by political demands. Rather farther on the other side of Dar-es-Salaam the Southern Province has obvious possibilities, permanent water, and as yet unexploited coal. Meantime much of it is utterly out of reach (except on foot) for six months in the year. The neighbouring Southern Highlands (a scene of small-scale white settlement) is more likely to be linked presently by railway developments to Rhodesia and the south. Anyhow it is from such diverse and scattered 'regions' that the three colonies yield now and could increasingly yield a far greater variety of products than even Jamaica (which was once given to calling itself a land of 'samples') and to any possible Jamaican list add sisal, pyrethrum, tea, wheat, and all reasonable necessities of life besides possibly coal and other minerals.

The Tsetse-Fly Menace

Yet this rosy picture is of possibilities only: to complete it as it is now, sketch in vast blocks of country in which very untouched and ill-nourished tribes still war ineffectively with disease and pests, and recurring drought and famine. The 'possibilities' cannot be realised till the parts are more effectively linked together. Here one other (much forgotten) corner of Tanganyika has special significance. By the far north-western shore of Lake Victoria lies Karagwe which Livingstone and especially Stanley knew as rich in cattle. Today it still looks fair and green but the soil is sadly leached even about Bukoba; to the south the people are even sparser, stricken by poverty and sleeping-sickness. This helpless country has been devastated by the tsetse-fly which threatens to spread thence even to fair Uganda—and by all the rights it is with Uganda this region's natural links are and should be: it is not Tanganyika at all.

It is time therefore we took as a starting point the fact that the present political boundaries of all these African territories are purely artificial. The only proper answer is of the order of the Closer Union that was being canvassed but broke down twenty-odd years ago owing to what were then irreconcilable differences of opinion about how to square the interests of the rest with those of white-settled Kenya. That failure must no longer deter a more experienced generation. The East African High Commission already exists as a co-ordinating authority for important common services. But it is even more urgent to vest the administration of each of the many distinct 'regions' in an authority

better fitted than the now distant central governments to serve distinct and peculiar local needs—an authority moreover close enough to the local people to give them an intelligent interest in its work. This most peculiar half-continent is a unique challenge to the good sense of the people of three different races, and a challenge too to our own (is it slightly complacent?) British political experience. For it cannot be a tidy solution on well tried and tested lines. The diversity of the peoples concerned, and of their needs and interests, is without precedent.

Room for All

I hope I have said enough to shake the common assumption that the East is merely a few steps behind the West of Africa and bound to follow on the same lines. A word is due, however, on the equally dubious assumption that the presence of Europeans is a merely (and a specially) disturbing factor. This is to forget, incidentally, that Asians are even more numerous, quite as well established, and even more directly competitive with Africans. Anyway, it was from a leading Indian that I had the short final answer: 'There's room and there's more than enough work', he said, 'to employ us all, to everyone's advantage'. The home-making settlers are at any rate East Africans, think as and feel themselves to be such. As things are, not only in Kenya, settlers and planters have given East Africa a much broader-based economy than any in West Africa, thus earning the recognition due for making two blades of grass grow in place of one. They have created and widened the opportunities of material progress also for Africans and (if that has caused some disturbance) it is also to be said that European individuals more often than not succeed—as to survive they must—in establishing good healthy relations with their most immediate 'contacts'. The rubs of what used to be thus comprehensively called 'contact' are only evidence of the 'maladjustments' (another omnibus) which are inevitable in these early days of development of any kind. Inevitably in such long dormant countries any new venture becomes a magnet, drawing both the enterprising and the merely curious. The result is the 'agglomerations' of ill-assorted peoples who make up, for example, Nairobi—or Kongwa and Nachingwea in the ground-nuts area. For that matter the very latest government 'development centre' is little better.

It is characteristic of all this beneficent enterprise that even the government departments' model farms seem utterly unrelated to the ordinary lives of the people they are meant to benefit—they remain, as it were, perhaps as they are, manifestations from another world. Thesis and antithesis there may be, synthesis not yet. But it is a portent that the most successful attempt to grapple with the situation yet made is that by the Town Council of Nairobi, drawing on the voluntary services of men of all races—this joint effort, rather than any by the most devoted officers of specialist government departments. And the example of Nairobi is evidence that the plural societies can begin to knit together.

The best answer to the administrative problem of East Africa's bits and pieces is cumbrously described as 'regionalisation'. This was, rightly, much in favour last year in Dar-es-Salaam (and there they ought to know). Lately, Sir Philip Mitchell has suggested, if I get him right, that full regional 'status' might be a right earned by the stronger self-contained units like Buganda, the weaker and more amorphous entities remaining under the direct control of the central Government. But that is not the last word. Central control is now at once so remote and restrictive that, in backward areas especially, the work of the reconstructive services is unduly hampered by the need to refer details all the way from Bukoba, say, or Songea, to Dar-es-Salaam. The regional head, to be effective, must have more power of decision than the present 'Provincial Commissioners', and this in turn means that he must have his own budget, and the strongest technical and specialist advice on the spot. The truth is that the present state of recruitment gravely hinders this reform and part of the remedy is at our end. Till our young men and women hear and answer the call better than they have done, progress must linger on account of shortage of staff.

There is, however, one unused string to the regional bow. For the vast majority of the people everywhere the tribe is still central. Indeed, so far our administration has tended only to freeze tribal boundaries and make them exclusive, thus even intensifying tribal distinctions. Yet even the most remote bush district has normally not only its European missionaries, and often a lone farmer or two, but certainly its Asian traders, and in particular numbers of fairly prosperous, probably intellectual 'alien' Africans—meaning by 'aliens' the extra-tribal teachers, clerks and traders, to be found in twos and threes or in dozens in every tribal district in the country. While the vast majority

have as yet no conception of nationalism, political or other, these men, rooted yet unrecognised in their place of work, are the potential East Africans. These 'aliens', and the scattered Europeans and Asians, must now be brought in to play their part—locally in the first place. Resident in one district over long years, all their interests are there; and they must have the confidence of their neighbours at least so far that they are accepted as part of the natural order of things. But the abundant official zeal expended on the building of local councils has not really got away from the older tradition of 'N.A.' or tribally based indirect rule: it is far too shy of using this non-tribal material. It is through these local representatives of the plural society that the knitting together must—I would even say can alone—begin. It is they who are the obvious cement of local councils, but today their knowledge and experience, often their good will, are going to waste.

The great need is to find common ground on which the races can co-operate (and there is far more practical co-operation now than excited critics recognise)—wherefore, I would add, no council is too purely local, or too humble, to be used—if only for letting off steam whose outlet now can only be in racial politics at higher levels. Only stronger local foundations can avert the danger of the central super-structure falling in (as perhaps West Africa is apt to forget), and this danger is so great just because central government interests are so far, as a rule, beyond the range of most of the people. It is this that leaves the politically conscious minority—the intellectuals of all the races—to keep up a pressure that positively distracts the Government's attention from the affairs of the needy back blocks. It will be a palliative, if not a remedy, to bring the influence of the scattered intellectuals into fuller play, in the first place—I repeat—in local government.

But I came away convinced, too, that with all possible speed the handful of Africans who are conscious of East Africa, together with Europeans and Asians, must have their natural interest in central government affairs recognised by being given 'the vote'. There is a case for this vote to be confined for the present to those capable of passing a reasonably high personal test—and an incontrovertible case for their being registered, and voting (as becomes full East Africans) on a common East African electoral roll.

One last word about the special status of Tanganyika as a Trust Territory, and the certainty of United Nations obstruction at the mere mention of constitutional adjustments. It is right that we be called on to give an account of our stewardship, and no less certainly wrong that we be deflected from using our exclusive experience. If it is true that the older Mandates Commission was ineffective, it was at least informed, whereas the United Nations authority has reverted to the uninformed, irresponsible debate that characterised the now defunct Colonial Assemblies of a former age. The Trusteeship Council must either be reformed or, as with the requisite East African support it safely can be, resisted. This, however, is conditional also on more effort, sacrifice even, by us in Britain. The effective build-up of the strong regional administrations needed is flatly impossible so long as our officers are as thin on the ground as I have seen them these last two years—and this though there is absorbing work for people of every walk of life, and this unique opportunity of helping to build up a new and composite state.—*Third Programme*

To Emily Dickinson

Driven like a refugee from the lost embrace,
You mothered, while forswearing, the Forbidden.
A candle at a ruinous shrine, your face
Gave them its light but kept its mysteries hidden.

They could not know with what despair you entrusted
To the impersonal earth your rootless hopes,
Rhymed out your hunger on shopping bills, accosted
The Eternal on the backs of envelopes.

That was a desolate vigil in the frightening
Emptiness at the verges of the crowd;
Patient as harvest for the enriching lightning
You waited for the angel to descend,
Great and regenerative from the cloud,

While it already clasped you by the hand.

STANLEY SNAITH

The 'Little Monster'

GEORGES DUTHUIT on Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec whose works are now on view in London (at the Matthiesen Gallery) and in Paris

HE was ugly with a body that would have gone into a casket in a Japanese fairy tale, though in some of his photographs he does not look to me as ugly as he is said to have been. Far from it—the eyes are magnificent. Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec was distressed by his ugliness and never spoke of it. A word or two perhaps to an intimate friend in a cab after drinking and working from dawn to dusk and from dusk to dawn, a cab being just the place for daybreak: 'One must learn to put up with oneself'.



'Actrice aux gants verts' (1899)

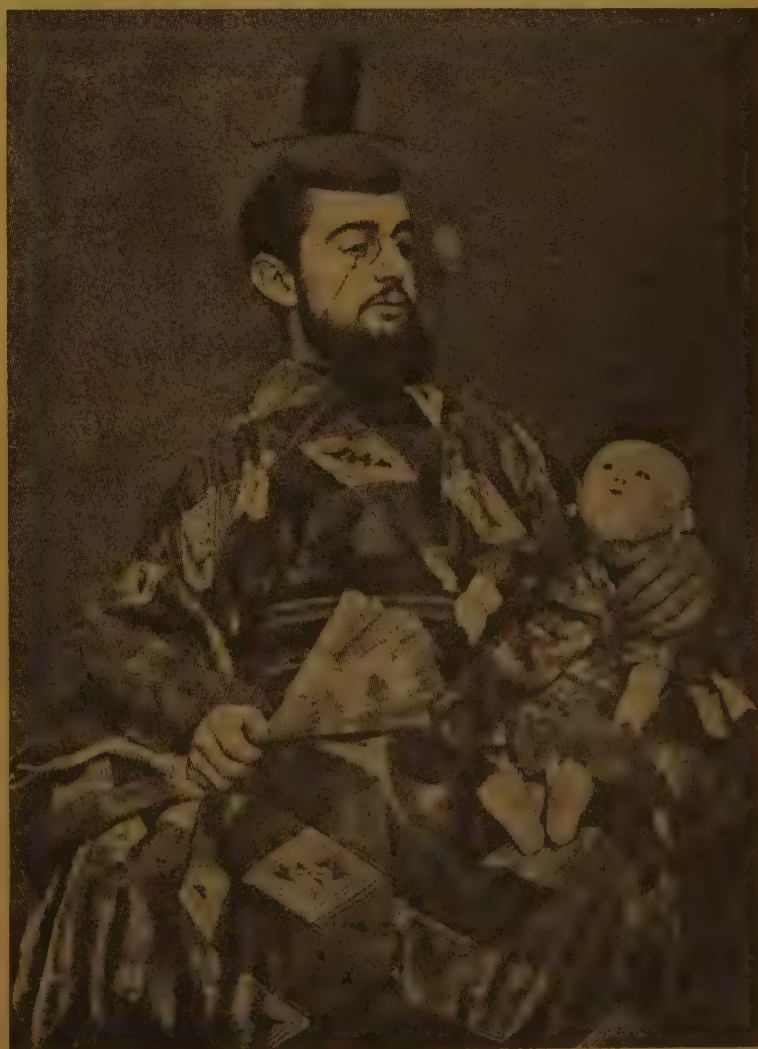
At the Matthiesen Gallery

We must not become emotional about it. He would have been horrified by that, as he would have been horrified by mysticism, profundity, metaphor and emotive colouring. And Lautrec went in for pleasure, too; so much so that Vuillard called his amusements suicide.

It must be confessed that Lautrec's gaiety is rather sad, but how are we really to understand and to follow him? He goes too fast and when the pace grows dizzy and becomes part of the drawing, he is at his best. (What was the date of that sensational type of bicycle known as 'looping the loop'?) That was the way Lautrec wanted to draw and why he could not paint. Oil painting, with the paint spread too thickly and too slowly over the whole surface of the canvas, seemed to intimidate him and he may perhaps have found it a little boring, though it made possible those quivering, penetrating notations, those very fine, unusual and difficult harmonies. Yellow and blue for preference as in the portrait of Van Gogh, so searching and so deferential, and in the one of his mother. His 'poor holy woman of a mother'—what she must have seen! But even in portraits of this quality the face seems somehow to be squeezed into the canvas, while in the lithographs and

gouaches it is the face that organises the page, enlarges its whiteness, and in so doing extends and embellishes the whole of the space surrounding the page, poster or theatre programme. It is with his line like the lash of a whip, his permanently broken stroke, or again the hard, cold brilliance of his touch in gouache that Lautrec finds himself and finds again, with nervous tension and agility at their peak, the world which he loves and which is forbidden him—forbidden like everything he expresses—the world of movement and energy.

I certainly do not see why the inquest should end with a verdict of suicide. The case is far too complex and has no parallel. As for a despairing Comte de Toulouse, what right have you, *Messieurs les peintres*, who are so thrifty and working with an eye on honours and security—what right have you to suggest such a thing? He runs with his broken thighs and, leaping forward in his own fashion, flings himself at life, which is very different from what you learn to do at the Louvre and the European galleries. He seems for a moment—it is no more than a split second—to identify himself with the half-savage types at bars, balls and music-halls whom he finds at once alien and fraternal. Then he is off again, without our being able to catch him or himself being able to stop, with his harassing objectivity. His tangible kingdom is the ephemeral, as though his one aim were to burn away more quickly, and therefore less disagreeably, than we are normally consumed by Time, and at a single blow to decant and burn up all the relics of



'Lautrec en japonais'

Bibliothèque Nationale

the disgusting and fascinating spectacle which is offered to him. Of the ordeal, the race, there remains only an emaciated, living, perforating line animated by a sensibility of imponderable shades and absolutely pure—a Lautrec, a bearing, a style.

Go to the Jeu de Paume, which is only a few yards from the exhibition of paintings at the Orangerie, and have another look at the gouaches with which he deigned to decorate a dancer's booth at a fair, the Glutton, whose reign thanks to him shall have no end. What gusto! What wit! What a feast! It is a wonder that the visitors, charmed by his magic, do not start dancing too—dancing as people did in Singapore and Batavia and not as one danced before the Throne. The rest, the art gallery painters, hold exhibitions and attract attention to themselves: Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec forgets himself and welcomes you.

Things do not always turn out so well. Far from it. His style is so chastened and so chaste, his line so sober that we find ourselves saying that there is nothing—neither adulterated blood, withered flesh nor greedy look—which it does not contrive to purify. Yet it sometimes happens that the 'little monster' (as he was called by a dancer whom

he had transformed into a skeleton) abandons his experiments in aesthetic pasteurisation, goes beyond all bounds and does so, moreover, instinctively and in all innocence. He shows us the body of a 'tart', who is twenty years old and full of life, and we have the impression that we are watching a living corpse pulling on its stockings or climbing the stairs of a brothel. Obviously Lautrec never for a moment dreamed of adding a jot to the misery of the only beings he was able to cherish, to fondle, to hold in his arms. We can no longer tell whether he was playing with his human prey and dragging it in the dust or whether he was in the act of licking its wounds—yes, this time in a state of desperation, a poor wild mutilated thing half crazy with useless tenderness. We remember his ancestors, those two brothers one of whom lighted the faggots when the other—the vanquished—was tied to the stake, and with great pomp and solemnity watched him roast. A family history which began like that and lasted ten centuries must have weighed heavily on the bones of the last descendant of the ecclesiastical barons of Albi who was a misshapen dwarf and a draughtsman of genius.

(Translated from the French by Martin Turnell)

A Correct Compassion

To Mr. Philip Allison, after watching him perform a Mitral Stenosis Valvulotomy in the General Infirmary at Leeds

Cleanly, sir, you went to the core of the matter.
Using the purest kind of wit, a balance of belief and art,
You with a curious nervous elegance laid bare
The root of life, and put your finger on its beating heart.

The glistening theatre swarms with eyes, and hands, and eyes.
On green-clothed tables, ranks of instruments transmit a sterile gleam.
The masks are on, and no unnecessary smile betrays
A certain tension, true concomitant of calm.

Here we communicate by looks, though words,
Too, are used, as in continuous historic present
You describe our observations and your deeds.
All gesture is reduced to its result, an instrument.

She who does not know she is a patient lies
Within a tent of green, and sleeps without a sound
Beneath the lamps, and the reflectors that devise
Illuminations probing the profoundest wound.

A calligraphic master, improvising, you invent
The first incision, and no poet's hesitation
Before his snow-blank page mars your intent:
The flowing stroke is drawn like an uncalculated inspiration.

A garland of flowers unfurls across the painted flesh.
With quick precision the arterial forceps click.
Yellow threads are knotted with a simple flourish:
Transfused, the blood preserves its rose, though it is sick.

Meters record the blood, measure heart-beats, control the breath.
Hieratic gesture: scalpel bares a creamy rib; with pincer knives
The bone quietly is clipped, and lifted out. Beneath,
The pink, black-mottled lung like a revolted creature heaves,

Collapses; as if by extra fingers is neatly held aside
By two ordinary egg-beaters, kitchen tools that curve
Like extraordinary hands. Heart, laid bare, silently beats. It can hide
No longer, yet is not revealed.—A local anaesthetic in the cardiac
nerve.

Now, in firm hands that quiver with a careful strength,
Your knife feels through the heart's transparent skin; at first,
Inside the pericardium, slit down half its length,
The heart, black-veined, swells like a fruit about to burst,

But goes on beating, love's poignant image bleeding at the dart
Of a more grievous passion, as a bird, dreaming of flight, sleeps on
Within its leafy cage.—It generally upsets the heart
A bit, though not unduly, when I make the first injection.

Still, still the patient sleeps, and still the speaking heart is dumb.
The watchers breathe an air far sweeter, rarer than the room's.
The cold walls listen. Each in his own blood hears the drum
She hears, tented in green, unfathomable calms.

'I make a purse-string suture here, with a reserve
Suture, which I must make first, and deeper,
As a safeguard, should the other burst. In the cardiac nerve
I inject again a local anaesthetic. Could we have fresh towels to cover

All these adventitious ones. Now can you all see?
When I put my finger inside the valve, there may be a lot
Of blood, and it may come with quite a bang. But I let it flow,
In case there are any clots, to give the heart a good clean-out.

Now can you give me every bit of light you've got?
We stand on the benches, peering over his shoulder.
The lamp's intensest rays are concentrated on an inmost heart.
Someone coughs.—'If you have to cough, you will do it outside this
theatre'.—'Yes, sir'.

'How's she breathing, Doug? Do you feel quite happy?'—'Yes fairly
Happy'.—'Now. I am putting my finger in the opening of the valve.
I can only get the tip of my finger in.—It's gradually
Giving way.—I'm inside.—No clots.—I can feel the valve

Breathing freely now around my finger, and the heart working.
Not too much blood. It opened very nicely.
I should say that anatomically speaking
This is a perfect case.—Anatomically.

For of course, anatomy is not physiology.
We find we breathe again, and hear the surgeon hum.
Outside, in the street, a car starts up. The heart regularly
Thunders.—I do not stitch up the pericardium.

It is not necessary.—For this is imagination's other place,
Where only necessary things are done, with the supreme and grave
Dexterity that ignores technique; with proper grace
Informing a correct compassion, that performs its love, and makes it live.

JAMES KIRKUP

Problems of Discipline

W. J. H. SPROTT on the development of standards in social conduct

IT is difficult to discuss moral problems because it is not always easy to distinguish between what we judge to be good and the nature of goodness itself: the first is concerned with fact, the second with explanation: is goodness a quality some things have, or are our judgments mere emotive explosions? This type of explanation, however, is not the whole story. There is also the question: how do we come to make moral judgments at all? It is with part of the answer to this question that I am concerned.

Ethical Controversy

To make the matter clearer, I want to distinguish between what I call 'first-order' judgments and 'second-order' judgments. We read in the books on comparative ethics that in one place it is incumbent on the young people to kill the old folk when they can no longer contribute to the social welfare; elsewhere this is regarded as a very shocking thing to do. In one place they expose their infants; elsewhere parents would be clapped into gaol for doing any such thing. And so on, with the whole repertory of the ethical relativist. Primed with such information, however, we can then sit down and ask such 'second-order' questions as: is it a good thing that people should think it a good thing to bump off their grandfathers? Answers to this question are what I mean by 'second-order' judgments. I think we are doing something different when we make *this* kind of judgment from what we are doing when, as members of a society, we make the 'first-order' judgments in accord with the moral rules with which we have been indoctrinated. If there is any sense in this question: how is it that we come to make these two kinds of judgments? I think the 'first-order' judgments come from our training in childhood, but that a different kind of story will have to be given for the 'second-order' ones.

It is round these 'second-order' judgments that ethical controversy rages, and with the nature of these judgments I am not concerned. What I am interested in is a certain aspect of 'first-order' judgments which I do not think has had the general attention it deserves. We know a good deal about the content of different moral codes, but not so much about the terms in which they are expressed. We tend to think that our own phrasing in terms of 'right' and 'wrong' is the only way in which 'first-order' social requirements are phrased. There is, however, a growing body of opinion against such parochialism.

Once we recognise that our peculiar way of thinking about moral questions may be the result of the form of society in which we live, we begin to wonder whether it is the most adequate. We begin, in fact, to make 'second-order' judgments about it. I propose to approach the matter by considering different ways in which avoidance of what is considered socially reprehensible is inculcated. The main principles of discipline are perfectly simple. Societies exploit our general tendency to follow courses of action we have found rewarding and to avoid those we have found to be the reverse. The problem now is: what rewards and what disrewards are applied by societies in disciplining their intake? It is certain differences in this field which I believe to be of interest and importance. One obvious instrument is physical pain or discomfort. Some societies are reported never to use this method with children and to condemn white people for employing it. It certainly has limits and disadvantages. When the pain is simply associated with physical objects like putting your finger too near a candle flame it is obvious that much prudence may be inculcated. But when other human beings use the infliction of pain or discomfort as a disciplinary technique, it has the disadvantage of arousing hostility or instilling a cringing attitude, except, perhaps, in those cases in which the pain is accepted and even welcomed as 'punishment'. So far as the hostility is concerned, I think that it springs from the fact that the infliction of pain under disciplinary conditions (which contrast with, say, the dentist's chair) emphasises the powerlessness of the victim; it is, in fact, of the order of an insult, and if it is thought desirable to reduce the hostility, some compensatory reinstatement is required, and that is no easy matter.

What about other methods? The principal ones get their force from

the fact that they make use of threats to those human relations which are of vital importance to the infant or growing child. This means two main divisions according to whether the child is dependent for its social and other satisfactions on a group of people or on a narrow range of persons, such as its parents. In the first case we seem to have two varieties again. There is ridicule and there is what I will call 'the threat of multiple condemnation'. The former is obvious enough. The latter is more complicated. Mr. Gorer has suggested that in the joint family system of pre-revolutionary Russia there was a diffuse emotional relationship between the child and a number of adults, which meant that the undifferentiated good-will of the group was required. Dr. Grygier, in the current issue of the *British Journal of Psychology*, writing of post-revolutionary Russia, suggests that the equal importance of a number of significant persons—the parents, the teachers, the party-members—would have the same effect. Whether Dr. Gorer or Dr. Grygier is right, the point is that group standards are accepted as valid and individual judgment is not developed. With both these techniques, ridicule and multiple condemnation, a coherent system of conduct can be established, with appropriate sanctions of fear; in the one case fear of being ashamed, in the other case fear of being rejected by the group.

The situation with which we are most familiar is one in which the child is dependent upon a very few adults for the satisfaction of its needs. This situation is entirely different from the ones we have just been considering. Here the formula is: if I do not do what mother or father says, they will not love me. The situation is one in which the child forms strong emotional attachments to its parents or their surrogates. There are no alternative adults to give relief. The child is confined to its little box of a home at the mercy of its father and mother. Of course there may be 'auntie' or 'grandma' to run to for comfort, but whether they are there or not, the situation is fraught with dramatic possibilities. It is these, of course, that form the subject matter of psycho-analytic theory.

Effects of Group Condemnation

Each of the methods I have mentioned gives rise to its own system of precautions, established to avoid its weapons. Painful experience makes us refrain from running particular risks, like getting an electric shock, or perhaps it makes us generally timorous. Being jeered at makes us refrain from unconventional conduct. Group condemnation makes us avoid anything that will provoke a representative frown. In the small-scale family situation we set up a kind of internal replica of our parents, or rather of our impression of them, which threatens us when we come anywhere near temptation. This has the peculiar social advantage that we carry this conscience or 'super-ego' about with us, and it keeps a check on us when no one is looking. The nomenclature used in this context is 'right', 'wrong', and 'guilt', and a vast ethical logic has developed round these ideas. Furthermore, at least two of the disciplinary devices have characteristic methods of rehabilitation. If we have made a blunder in the eyes of the group, we feel 'bad', but we may be able to get back into their good graces by public confession. This means that since we take their standards as our own, we assume that when they condemn, we really have deserved it. If we are brought up in the highly charged emotional atmosphere of the narrow family circle, and have done what is called 'wrong', we may have discovered that we can regain our position by making an offering or through suffering. The latter technique is called 'punishment', and if we experience the sequence: wrong-doing, pain, followed by signs of affection (called 'forgiveness') we come to think of pain as the appropriate riposte to wrong-doing. We may even seek it as a method of restoring our threatened position.

So much for the four techniques, and I would emphasise that the list is by no means exhaustive of all existing methods reported by cultural anthropologists. The next point I want to make is that cultures vary in their use of them. Some cultures, we are told, rely entirely on ridicule, and in such cases what we call 'guilt' is well-nigh non-

existent. The Russian culture, if our informants are right, makes use of group condemnation, in which case the language of 'guilt' may be appropriate but 'guilt' plays a very different role from that with which we are familiar. In fact the truth is, as Margaret Mead puts it: 'Comparative studies demonstrate that the type of character in which the individual is reared to ask first, not "Do I want it?", "Am I afraid?" or "Is it the custom?", but "Is it right or wrong?"' is a very special development characteristic of our own culture, and of very few other societies. It is dependent upon the parents personally administering the culture in moral terms, punishing and rewarding the child in the name of the *right*'.

In point of fact, of course, we use all four methods, though group condemnation is confined, perhaps, to small closely-knit units. One cannot help wondering whether the fashionable remedy for our social ills which lies in the formation of small well-integrated groups will bring group-standards with attendant group-confessions in its wake. However that may be, we certainly use pain and the threat of pain, ridicule and the right-wrong-guilt technique. But they vary in their application, and in their effective proportion as we move from one section of the community to another. Many things that come under the effective ban of 'wrong' in one section will come under the less effective ban of 'risky' in another. Ridicule is mainly used by coevals.

Picture the situation in which a crowded community has got to keep its children quiet because of the neighbours and because in many of the households 'Dad' is on night-shift and has to sleep during the day. The babes in arms will receive every attention to stop them squawking, but when they become mobile it is not so easy to bribe them to be quiet; for one thing it becomes too expensive. They are therefore sent out to play. Rejected from their homes they naturally join forces with other children in the same plight. In such cases—and they are not infrequent—the ridicule-shame disciplining they will receive will be far more significant than such inhibition in terms of right and wrong that they may have acquired. Of course the official right-wrong labels will be attached in terms of the dominant cultural language. Any urchin trained in terms of shame and caught doing that which is not shaming but which is officially 'wrong' will have the sense, if asked 'But didn't you know that you were doing wrong?' to say 'yessir'. He is speaking the truth and he knows what goes down with the middle classes. But if we take his tactical politeness to indicate that he feels guilty we are often being very silly. The fact may well be that he has scarcely been subjected to the guilt-provoking method at all, or at any rate that it does not cover for him what it does for us.

If this is true, then it is obvious that we need far more research into the disciplinary measures actually employed both by parents and by coevals in different sub-cultures of our society. But such research must be undertaken with scientific diffidence if we are interested in improving our condition. It is here that 'second-order' judgments come into play. Ethical judgments of this kind are based upon our ideas about the nature of man, and these in turn are influenced, but not determined, by our 'first order' conditioning. If you think that

feelings of guilt have some intrinsic merit, then our methods of disciplining will have some value over and above their social efficiency. If you think that man's nature is only to be understood in the light of his cosmic destiny, then you will favour those disciplinary measures which fit in with your hypothesis.

If, on the other hand, you reject these views, as I do, and think of ethics as concerned with some estimate of psychological health and unhealth in the world in which we live, then disciplinary techniques will be scrutinised in the light of this concept. Psychological health, however, presents a difficulty. Each culture can only express a selection of possible human values, and it may well be the case that many different possible cultures are equal in excellence, so that prescription about the one best form of society is very precarious. When we come to psychological ill-health we are, it seems to me, on firmer ground; there is much more likely to be agreement about what is bad for us than about what is good for us.

From the point of view of 'second-order' judgments, I cannot see that it matters what phrasing is selected for 'first-order' training—whether that which we agree is prejudicial to health is thought of as ridiculous, wrong, or unreasonable. But in our form of society we seem to be committed to the development of an internalised super-ego with its concomitant of guilt. It is this that is so dangerous. We have not yet learnt to inculcate socially necessary avoidances without running the risk of causing a great deal of damage. Our methods all too frequently stress obedience as such so that we start off undermining the child's sense of its own worth. It is this rather than mere deprivation that gives rise to hostility, power-mongering and neurotic despair. Besides this we have not learnt to restrict the inhibitions we implant to what is socially and psychologically desirable. They spread, as it were, over whole ranges of harmless—and indeed, valuable—conduct, thereby increasing the number of occasions of frustration.

The trouble is that all this has an accumulative effect—parents pass on their own guilt to their children, and a vast mythology of wickedness develops. This, in turn, is supported by powerful forces in society. Fat slugs and emaciated spiders feast upon the guilt-ridden souls of man, and demand louder and louder confessions of sinfulness. Meanwhile they call delighted attention to those iniquities of human conduct which are, in large measure, the result of the disciplinary methods they favour. Faced with this revolting spectacle one cannot give whole-hearted support to the official view. Let us hope that by a scientific study of disciplinary methods we can do better than that.

Meanwhile, deplorable though many of its manifestations are, we cannot help wondering whether the anti-authoritarian mood of our times is not, in part at least, a very proper rebellion against the disciplinary measures of the past which have stifled and corrupted our souls. Perhaps our malaise is a healthy sign rather than the reverse. This is not to condone our present insecure standards, but rather to suggest that we may be passing through a transition to something better. The tart reply, of course, is: 'I should like to see signs of it'—so, for rather different reasons, would I.—*Third Programme*

The Exile Never Leaves

B. IFOR EVANS on the Welsh tradition

I RECALL how Dr. Thomas Jones once spoke in Cardiff under the title 'The Native Never Returns'. He was showing the way that men and women who have gone out from Wales to work in England or overseas can never get back completely inside Welsh life, however much they may retain their contacts.

I am quite sure that there is a profound truth in his argument, but there is also another and a stranger truth in the fact that those of us who have not been brought up in Wales, and indeed who may never have spent more than a few months in Wales, do feel ourselves to belong to the country we have never inhabited in a way that makes us exiles wherever we may be. I dare say we may be self-conscious about this, more so than people who actually live in Wales can understand.

At least I can recall very vividly, as a small boy right in the centre of London before I went to school, learning Welsh as a first language, and finding even a sense of strangeness and bewilderment when I

began for the first time to move about among English boys and to begin to try to learn my lessons in a language which to me was strange. I can still remember the Welsh classes that my brother and I used to attend every Friday night and the bribe that my father would offer, if we made good progress, of a seat at the wild west film next door to the chapel hall where the classes were held. All that, by the way, was back in the happy days when a film seat cost threepence. Indeed my early memories of the Welsh language in London are mixed with the pictures of cowboys moving jerkily to incredible adventures on a blurred screen.

The danger is that those of us who live in England, struggle as we may, decline in our familiarity with the Welsh language, and we have a completely unequal struggle in trying to hand on our inheritance to our children. Yet basically the strength of our national tradition has been there in our language and the attempts to crush it have been most happily unsuccessful. There was that Act of Union as far back as 1536

between England and Wales, where the preamble tried to do away with the Welsh language. It was the same sort of attack that Matthew Arnold was to make in the nineteenth century in one of the most impertinent essays about national literature which I have ever read by a critic of such considerable power and understanding. Matthew Arnold, on the strength of what was little more than a holiday in Wales and with no knowledge of our language, told us how much better we would be if we forgot Welsh and all learned a little Greek. I find it difficult to forgive him despite all his brilliant generalisations about Celtic literature being 'natural magic'. Yet neither Matthew Arnold nor Henry VIII nor indeed anyone else has been able to destroy the Welsh language, despite the fact that we who are the Anglo-Welsh are on the whole a wasting asset. I feel that there is always this compensating element that Welsh, as far as I can see it, is not losing any of its grip in Wales itself and indeed is on the whole on the up-grade.

Festivals, Scottish and Welsh

I sometimes feel that we who live in London do have some perspective upon the national character which those who have always lived in Wales do not gain. I have always found a great interest in comparing us with the Scots. It can be seen in this very matter of the festival: the Scots have a splendid festival which is an entirely modern production in Edinburgh modelled on an ancient background. It is a festival that is international in character. In fact it was so international in its early years that the Scots complained that there was nothing Scottish in it at all. They invite orchestras from Holland and America, theatre companies from London and France. We in Wales have our traditional Eisteddfod and we do not particularly want anyone to share in it. It is something for us and for us alone. We give a warm welcome to foreigners who may come and visit it, but it is not made for them, and not even all the publicity pressure of this age has been able thus to change its character.

I see our disadvantage in all this. The Scots welcome foreigners, and they mix easily with Continental peoples, particularly with the French. They do this without losing their identity. We Welsh are in a way more insular than the English. We are very kind to individuals if they wander into our midst, but really we would much rather that they were not there at all. I think that this is in fact an illustration of that inwardness which a number of observers have discovered in us. I have always found John Cowper Powys illuminating in this way, and I suppose we can claim him as one of the Anglo-Welsh. In one of his essays he describes this side of our Welsh personality and says that there is in the Welsh a certain absence of desire to assert or to advertise themselves, and that they have an intense emotional inner life which is concealed from the society in which they move. He describes this as an ancient primeval feeling which leads the Welsh to have an 'astounding lack of malice, towards human types alien from their own'. I suppose this has to be modified in some ways, for we can be exhibitionists and showmen, but deep down I think this element remains, and Powys tells a story to illustrate the truth of this, about a Welsh farmer. One of his lambs had been killed by a neighbouring dog. He faced the situation with all the detachment of a Chinese Buddha, saying that he must 'leave it all to chance'. As Powys says, this is leaving it all not even to the 'Vendetta of God' but to the strange drift of accident in the world.

All this talk about the Welsh character leads one on naturally to the Welsh and the arts, and that must be a subject particularly in our minds at this time of the Festival of Britain. We have in many ways been too complacent about our own achievements, very largely because we have had a centuries-old reputation for music. Giraldus Cambrensis, writing 800 years ago, commented on the way visitors were entertained by the music of the harp in Wales, and he also noted how attached the Welsh were to singing. Another acute observer in our own time, Professor Sir Alfred Zimmern, commented on how the Welsh were 'overpowered by the pleasures of the ear'. Yet this is not enough. Even our singing is in some danger, as Wyn Griffith has commented in his recent book on *The Welsh*. The traditional amateur choral singing of Wales is in some areas in danger of being undermined by the conditions of modern life. Those who know Wales best will know how true Wyn Griffith is when he writes that 'there must be a man who is prepared to be a thorn in everybody's flesh until there is a choir in his village, a man able to train and willing to devote his energies to the task, an enthusiast capable of making others share in his love of making music'.

Then, quite apart from all this, choral music in itself is not enough. I have always thought that we indulged in singing in Wales, as apart from the other arts, because singing is economically the cheapest of all the arts. No capital investment is necessary. And we have not been rich. But this should not lead us to ignore all that can be achieved by instrumental music and by opera and indeed by all the other professional arts. Through my own association with the Arts Council I have been greatly impressed and moved by the achievements of the National Welsh Opera Company with its headquarters in Swansea, and I only hope that it can be put increasingly on to a professional basis. I know, too, that there are at the present time movements to encourage the formation of a Welsh orchestra. Some years ago I tried, through the Arts Council, to encourage the development in Wales of a professional orchestra, but it seemed to me that at that time the competitive choral elements and indeed all the amateur elements were against the movement. A great orchestra must be a professional orchestra, a great orchestral player must be a professional player, and if we are to treat the orchestral artist seriously in Wales it can only come about by accepting this idea of the professional. I think the same is true of our drama and of our painting, and we shall not reach the highest places within these arts until we adjust our views to the concept of an artist willing to devote his whole time to his chosen purpose and economically dependent upon the results of what he does produce.

I realise that the resistance to these ideas is very strong in Wales and will go on whatever I may say. For the acceptance of professionalism, the institution of an orchestra, or indeed the institution of a national and professional theatre, would mean some intrusion on our own privacy, on our own secret way of life, on those very elements which have across the centuries kept us individual and apart. I come back again to the generalisations of Cowper Powys, which although they may be a little over-spectacular have to my mind so much truth in them: 'The everlasting Welsh habit', he writes, 'has been to *sink inwards*, to hide up from the rest of humanity all that is deepest and most sacred in your soul'.

I mentioned earlier the difference between us and the Scots and I think that in part this is due to the fact that we gave to England the Tudor dynasty while they gave the Stuarts. The Tudors, however Welsh they may have begun, seem to me to have turned against Wales when they came to London and they drained away from Wales a number of followers. The Stuarts, on the other hand, seem to have been able, despite all their inadequacies of temperament and difficulties of personality, to attract a loyalty and a sense of romantic magnificence from Scotland. They gave Scotland a sense of history, of tradition, of legend and a cause for which to fight. The Tudors gave none of these. They were, I suppose, the denial of my present theme for they were the exiles that did never return, and I think that we who admire tradition have lost something because we have not that romantic story in our history which the Scots gained through the all-inadequate Stuarts.

Opportunity in the Arts

Yet to turn from speculation to fact I do feel that today circumstances are working out to give Wales, and particularly the younger generation, an opportunity in the arts which they have never had before. For what has been lacking has not been talent but opportunity and the economic resources to make opportunity possible. Now through the Arts Council there is a separate Welsh Committee which is most vigorously led by Wyn Griffith, who is so much of a Welshman that I hesitate to claim him as Anglo-Welsh. But he is a leader who is determined that such resources as may be available for Wales shall be used in the development in Wales of all the arts. I have heard him plead for the orchestra, for drama and for painting and he and his colleagues have done all that without any disparagement of the traditional competitive art of the Eisteddfod. I have more than once advocated an Academy for Wales to help to give us standards. But my suggestion had so little success that it would be ungracious to return to it here. I feel certain, though, that in the future there must be some possible way of combining the Eisteddfod, which is a phenomenon unique in Europe and perhaps in the world with its inevitable competitive basis, with something that arises from professional art at its best. This may be only the dream of an exile, but I hope anyway that those who love the arts in Wales will make use of national agencies such as the Arts Council to gain for themselves what they think best and what they most desire.—*Welsh Home Service*

NEWS DIARY

June 20-26

Wednesday, June 20

Mr. Morrison tells Commons that Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's delegation in Teheran is being instructed to return to London. Persian Deputy Prime Minister says that executive orders by Anglo-Iranian Oil Company will no longer be valid unless countersigned on behalf of the 'Persian National Oil Company'.

Soviet Government, in reply to Western proposal for a Foreign Ministers' Conference reiterates demand for inclusion of Atlantic Pact in agenda.

Chancellor of Exchequer rejects claim for equal pay for women civil servants.

Thursday, June 21

Commons debate Persian oil situation. British Government request International Court of Justice at The Hague to issue an injunction calling on Persian Government not to prejudice position of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company while British appeal to Court is pending.

Meeting of Foreign Ministers' Deputies in Paris ends. Western Powers state that their offer to Russia to hold Conference of Foreign Ministers still stands.

Chancellor of Exchequer announces details of new building restrictions.

Friday, June 22

Secretary-General of United Nations sends request to thirty-nine member States for more troops for Korea.

Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's delegation arrives back in London.

Trial of Monsignor Grosz, Acting Head of Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Hungary, accused of 'plotting to overthrow the Government', opens in Budapest.

Saturday, June 23

Mr. Malik, Russian delegate to United Nations, broadcasts proposal for a cease-fire in Korea.

International Court of Justice to meet on June 29 to consider Persian oil dispute.

England wins Second Test Match at Lord's by ten wickets.

Sunday, June 24

In Korea Communists intensify their attacks on eastern front.

British car wins Le Mans Grand Prix motor race.

Monday, June 25

Foreign Secretary tells Commons the Government is studying ways of following up Mr. Malik's proposal for talks on cease-fire in Korea. President Truman says United States would be ready to join in any real settlement.

Twenty-four tankers held up at Abadan in dispute over kind of receipt to be signed by their captains.

Tuesday, June 26

British cruiser ordered to Abadan: all tankers to leave forthwith.

House of Commons rejects motion urging the Government to rescind banishment of Tshekedi Khama.



Persians tearing down an illuminated sign bearing the name of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company from the Company's main offices in Teheran on June 22. The demonstrators entered the building and hoisted the national flag on the roof.



Dr. Theodore Koerner who took the oath as Austria's new President at a joint session of the Federal Assembly and Council on June 21, reviewing a Guard of Honour of State Police in Vienna. After the ceremony Dr. Koerner received the congratulations of the four High Commissioners and the Diplomatic Corps.



The floodlit Middle Temple, one of many are being illuminated during Festival of Light through the streets of Coventry in the C.



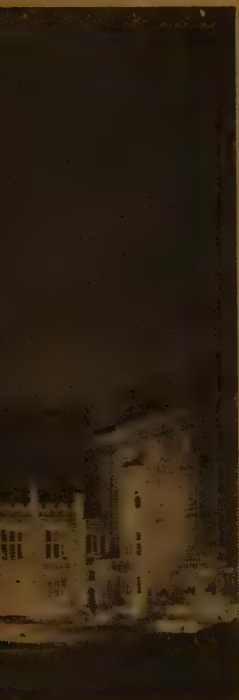
'Barbara Ruadhof Nimgary', a champion at the Royal Highland Show at Aberdeen.



Delegates to the Conference of Commonwealth Defence Ministers which opened on June 21, photographed at Number 10 Downing Street. Mr. Shinwell (who is seen in the centre of the group) stated that the conference was mainly concerned with the defence of the Middle East and was an outcome of general discussions on defence at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference held in London in January. The Defence Ministers were accompanied by their Chiefs of Staff; Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, is second from the left



Mr. Atlee receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Lord Boyd-Orr, Chancellor of Glasgow University, at St. Andrew's Hall on June 20. The ceremony was part of the celebrations marking the fifth centenary of the University



historic buildings which 'Lady Godiva' riding pageant on June 23



C. J. Chataway (Oxford) winning the one mile from F. W. Efinger (Yale) during the Inter-Universities Athletics meeting between Oxford and Cambridge and Harvard and Yale at White City on Saturday. Oxford and Cambridge won by nine events to four



Left: R. Tattersall bowling on the last day of the Second Test Match at Lord's on Saturday. By taking twelve wickets for 101 runs he contributed largely to England's victory over South Africa

Party Political Broadcast

What a Conservative Government Would Do

By LADY TWEEDSMUIR, M.P.

GOOD evening. This is a testing time at home and abroad. But I think we all know that if Britain is well led there is nothing she cannot or will not do. In the East our men have fought gallantly for twelve long months. Here in the West, we live in a twilight between war and peace. In Britain we have a hard duty to rearm. It is for all these reasons that it is a great responsibility to talk to you tonight. I am going to ask you three questions and then try to answer them myself. First, what do you expect of a British Government: secondly, what has *this* Government done for you, and, thirdly, what would a Conservative Government do for you?

What then, at this time, do you expect of our Government? Any Government? I think we want two things: peace abroad; prosperity at home. We can only keep the first if, while hoping for the best, we prepare for the worst. The world must feel that Britain is a country with which to reckon. That if we are attacked, not only will we fight, but that in the end with our Allies we shall win.

Prosperity at home depends on our influence abroad. Nearly all we wear, eat and use in daily life comes from the far ends of the earth. For instance, failure in Persia may well mean petrol rationing again, and much else besides. Good living at home depends on our paper money being worth what is written on it. It depends on wise government spending with no waste. It depends on government encouragement to everybody to go ahead. Good government looks to the future and is prepared for the unexpected. The Conservative Party has always supported the Government in any measures, however unpopular, that they have taken to strengthen our defences, because we put the nation beyond the Party. We have supported the Government in any good measures they have brought forward. But where we believe the Government to be weak or wrong it is our duty to criticise them and to point to a better way. We shall also hit them hard if we think they are doing the right thing in the wrong way.

What then has this Government done to keep peace abroad and win prosperity at home? It is not their fault that some other nations cover all we have. But it is our Government's fault if we appear so weak in foreign eyes that we tempt them to threaten us. We shall never avoid war by this hesitation and drift in foreign policy. That is the greatest danger today to the cause of peace. Why is it that our allies keep on asking 'Does Britain mean business?' They ask this in no ill-feeling, but to reassure themselves. It is for us not only to say that we mean business, but to prove it.

The Government are at last trying to prove it by rearmament but their record until now has been 'too little and too late'. Mr. Bevan and his friends resigned from the Government on the issue of rearmament. Of course his socialist party never has been united about the defence of their country. Of Mr. Bevan it has been said: 'We shall see in due course whether it has been a case of dropping the pilot or shedding the load'.

It is plain that our worst danger lies in forgetting how huge is the menace we face today. The Russian armies outnumber the Allies in Europe by nine to one. What odds! Nine to

one. Ought we not to strive with all our will to reach security? We cannot afford this time of drift and waiting. There is so much to do, so little time, while a powerful and ruthless nation strives to conquer the world.

Now let us look at what this Government has done at home, against this dark background in world affairs. They have brought forward some good measures, mostly in the field of the social services. As you know, nearly all these were drawn up during the war by the Coalition Government with its large Conservative majority. The Conservative Party therefore supported the socialists when they brought them before Parliament after the war. We opposed them wherever we felt they had altered the original schemes so as either to mar or hamper them. But the Government have completely undermined the whole idea of the social services through their bad management and wild extravagance in all directions. One result has been that in six years of socialist rule twenty shillings is now only worth about fifteen shillings. All in so short a time. This means that wages, savings and social benefits are cut as surely as if it were done in open fashion. By far the greatest anxiety today in domestic affairs is the cost of living. Any pensioner will tell you what this means. Any woman who keeps house today will tell you what this means.

We already have the highest taxation in the free world, yet it is almost unbelievable how much has been, and still is, being spent by the Government today. The socialist Government is spending our money at the rate of £8,000 a minute (in fact, many thousands of pounds since I began to speak!). They received from America and the Commonwealth most generous gifts and loans worth £600,000,000 a year. Indeed, leading socialist ministers have clearly stated that if it had not been for these free goods and free raw materials for our factories, we should have had at least 1,500,000 people unemployed.

At this rate, high prices can only get steadily higher. I know what real runaway costs are like, for I'm one of those born in the first world war: I lived with my family in Germany in the Army of Occupation for nearly four years. Although I was a child then, I can clearly remember going to a bank with my parents and for a pound note carrying away as many German Marks as we could wrap in a large newspaper. That was inflation. Of course, over here it is not nearly so bad as it was in Germany. We are not a defeated country. But it is because we are so deeply uneasy about the methods by which the Government hope to raise the money to pay for rearmament, that we have been on night shift in Parliament debating the Finance Bill. I think it was wrong and quite unnecessary to force us to debate these all-important measures all through the night. After all they affect the life of everyone in this country, and Parliament is the guardian, not just the spender of the people's money.

There are, I am afraid, countless examples of bad government too well known to mention in detail again: devaluation, the meat muddle, the fuel crisis, eggs in Gambia (by the way, at one time there were more officials than chickens), the sale of jet aircraft to Russia, the serious muddle over raw materials, and the fearful failure on housing. Can you see any hope under this

Government of keeping our place in the world? Can you see any hope of prices falling? Can you see any hope of houses built for all? Can you see any hope of this Government becoming the master and not just the pawn of events? When things go wrong they always say something or someone else is at fault. Either it is the workers, the management, our allies or enemies, anyone but themselves. It is a bad workman that blames his tools. The Government's attitude reminds me of the man of whom it was said: 'He bore his troubles like a man, he blamed them on his wife'.

What could a Conservative Government do? A Conservative Government would bring forward those whose words count in the councils of the world. We would prove that Britain will exert herself for her partners in the Commonwealth and for her friends in Europe. We would work for better contacts between the United States and ourselves, for it is on our working closely together that the peace of the world depends. We should try to take decisions on foreign policy early and firmly. You will remember the socialist Government has often followed Mr. Churchill's leadership, but how often two years behind. We shall not wilt from our determination to rearm, until we are strong enough to play our full part in keeping the peace. We shall try our utmost to keep a true balance between national security and social security.

Leadership abroad must rest on leadership at home. Conservatives represent all the people of whatever faith or creed. Socialists often talk of 'Socialist Britain'. Even if we were in Government with a huge majority, we would not presume to speak of a Conservative Britain. Britain is greater than any political party. It is the same if we talk of 'both sides of industry'. Let us remember that neither can prosper without the other. They are both partners in great enterprises.

In domestic affairs Conservatives believe not in the state, but in men and women. The root of our troubles at home is that the Government are trying to do everything and organise everybody, so that we are, all of us, just pushed around. After all, what is the state? Just men and women, who, being human, make mistakes. That is why Conservatives believe in spreading authority and responsibility, as widely as possible, instead of concentrating power in the hands of the few. As a Scot, I really do not like decisions on all our affairs being taken in Whitehall, nor do I find it wise. I want to see more power given to local authorities and to Scotland as a whole.

While government should guide our fortunes and keep the peace, it is for ourselves to create wealth and a good life. That is why as Conservatives we do not believe in the state running industry. We believe in the spreading of ownership, not in making ownership one giant monopoly. At present eighty per cent. of industry is still free enterprise. That is what we are living on. That has to carry all the rest. It brought this country through these difficult post-war years, in spite of being constantly hampered by the costs and inefficiency of nationalised services. Conservatives know that a wider life can be secured for us all if enterprise, skill and thrift can earn and keep their just rewards in industry and on the land. Because we believe in thrift, when we ask people to save we shan't then say it is wicked if they have saved. Only so

can young people get a better start in life than they ever can today.

The Conservative Party has always maintained that the first need in domestic affairs is to have honest money: after all, money is only worth what it will buy. There must be something wrong when so often women have to go out to work as well as their husbands. Of course, some people like it, but no woman should be forced to do so to keep things right at home, and to give the best to the children. The Government say that we can only pay for rearmament by higher taxes. We say that first they should stop wasting our money. Secondly, they should ease the heavy burdens that our life depends. It is the duty of government to put their own house in order instead of always asking the taxpayer to do it for them.

We believe, too, that one of the oldest instincts of human beings is to be able to spread their roots deep and so have their own independence and a stake in the future of their country. That is why we are determined to tackle this fearful housing problem with every effort of will. After money worries, the lack of homes is the source of the greatest unhappiness at this time. Because

we know only too well the toll paid in bitterness, in youthful crime and in damaged health, the provision of homes ought to have priority over all social services. Before the war, under Conservative Governments, houses were built at the rate of 350,000 a year. The socialist Government's target today is 200,000 a year. The Conservative Party has plainly stated their resolve to strive their utmost to build 300,000 houses a year, after the most careful study of today's grave problems. We want as many families as possible to have the independence of their own front door.

I have tried to define the direction in which Conservatives will travel if you give us the responsibility of government again. Our detailed policy can be read in many books and pamphlets, some of which I hope you will study. Our twin aims must always be: first, to be strong enough to keep the peace; secondly, to encourage a man to go as far as his work and his ideas will take him. We shall always look after the weak and the old, but we cannot promise to take the risk out of life.

As Conservatives we do not claim to know all the answers. What political party ever could? We have a strong team, statesmen of experience,

many who are young, who have ideas, who are drawn from every walk of life within this island. We know that our task won't be easy, but we will find a way out of all these troubles. We have done it before, after 1931, when the last Labour Government left a trail of financial ruin and 2,750,000 unemployed.

You have been very fair to this Government. You have given them every chance. Loyalty is a good quality, but not blind loyalty. I know it is hard to weigh wisely the many factors that crowd into one's mind. We want security, we all want that. But in the search for ease of mind, do not let us ever lose our power to dare. For how is it that our tiny island race has spread our stock and ideas all over the world? It was not because our people were only cushioned by comfort and security. Those weren't their watchwords. They took risks and knew they took them.

It is the same today. The choice is always ours. This can be an age for youth, so much to seek, such great rewards to win. Life can still be a high adventure if only we are given the chance. I ask you then when the moment comes to adventure on with us in faith and resolution to match the spirit of our times. Goodnight.

—Home and General Overseas Services

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

How an Editor Does his Job

Sir,—Mr. Tom Hopkinson has painted so impressive a picture of the editor doing his job with furious speed that it would be a shame to spoil its vividness. But here and there the canvas might be all the better for a little retouching.

It cannot be accepted that all editors are grossly overworked, though few of them can be as lazy as that mythical predecessor of mine who applied for the editorship of the *Century* magazine under the impression that it came out once every hundred years. As in all largely administrative jobs, much depends on the man and his power to stimulate others and delegate details. To be a slave chained to the desk is to depart foolishly from the tradition of Barnes, Delane, C. P. Scott, J. A. Spender and others pre-eminent in journalism.

Then it cannot be accepted that editors as a rule do not know what people are thinking. This knowledge is essential to their success. The best editorial ideas are rarely the product of midnight oil. They come from friendly contacts, from dinner parties, talks in club smoke-rooms, chance encounters. The country editor, doing much public service, excels in feeling the pulse of opinion. He cannot be an office recluse and do his job.

Mr. Hopkinson has a quaint notion of what the proposed Press Council will do. He looks to it to give judgment on clashes between a proprietor and editor and between an editor and members of his staff. Why should it do this? If proprietor and editor cannot get on without inflammatory friction no Court of Solomons will soothe their differences. The aggrieved must act in accordance with their agreement and seek more congenial associates. If an editor and members of his staff persistently disagree, the National Union of Journalists and Institute of Journalists will want to take a hand.

The newspaper profession will support a Press Council only if it sets out to defend the proper, historic freedom of the press, and if it fills a gap in the present organisation of the press,

but not if it overlaps and competes with the excellent machinery we have already for collective action. Most of all, we need a voluntary Press Council, in my judgment, to convince the public that any complaints of unfairness by a newspaper are most seriously considered, whether or not they threaten a writ for libel or some other possible cause of heavy expense.

Many are attacking the reputation of the press, some fairly, some unfairly. We need to defend that reputation as far as we honestly can and, by our fair play and public spirit, to improve it. Here, and not in any interference with domestic differences, lies the true need for a Press Council.—Yours, etc.,

Leeds

W. L. ANDREWS

Editor, *The Yorkshire Post*

Recent German Writing

Sir,—I have no wish to argue with Professor Closs on account of his courteous letter, but I did not, in my broadcast, suggest that the German 'tradition' in poetry had been 'broken'. German contemporary verse tends, on the whole, to be traditional and imitative. To say this is to say nothing either for or against it. The present manner of German poets may or may not be a transition to something better. My point was that German verse, today, is inferior because it does not 'come through'—that is to say, it is never quite *poetry*. There are exceptions, such as Wolfskehl, whom I mentioned, and there may be others whose work I have not read.

I have not read all the poems Professor Closs mentions, so that I cannot dispute his contention in every case (he has devoted a lifetime to the study of German literature and his opinion, generally, calls for respect). I have read Mr. Foster's *German Poetry*, which he mentions, but the many passages quoted from contemporary German versifiers do not convince me that they are poets. Not one of these quotations shows the 'flash point' (if I may use a prosaic metaphor) which, instantaneously, as it were, converts a sequence of verses into a true poem.

I must, however, add that since I gave my broadcast, I have read some of Rudolf Alexander

Schroeder's latest poems. I have long known him as one of the finest of modern critics and as a great translator (his renderings of the 'Odyssey' and of 'Murder in the Cathedral' are masterly). Some of his early verse (published before the first world war) is, in my opinion, *poetry*. His recent verse makes him a true poet of European stature.—Yours, etc.,

Guildford

F. A. VOIGT

Sir,—Mr. Voigt has some quaint notions about recent German writing. He thinks, for example, that 'the evolutionary idea has come to an end in Germany—thanks largely to the influence of Goethe'. The thought that this might be so is obviously consoling to Mr. Voigt who likes to assume that 'a period of history exists in its own right and not as a transition or as a means to an end'. But what about the intellectual trends in Eastern Germany, where awareness of the fact and importance of historical change and development is extremely alive? As regards Western Germany, those who interpret Goethe in the sense indicated by Mr. Voigt misrepresent his thought, in which the evolutionary idea is fundamental.

As for Hesse's *Das Glasperlenspiel*, Mr. Voigt has missed its meaning and significance. 'Music and the mind of the musician' are not 'the pure essence of this masterpiece'. The point is that what Mr. Voigt wrongly describes as the *key-board* of glass beads (in fact it is a sort of abacus) becomes a symbol of the attempts of intellectuals, withdrawing from the vulgar world, to reduce all human activities to general mathematical formulae. It is much more a study in the crisis of modern humanism than in music and musicians. Similarly, it is a fantastic distortion of Thomas Mann's *Doktor Faustus* to describe it in the same manner; Leverkühn, the musician, is for Mann the embodiment of the crisis of modern art and the modern intellectual in general.

Mr. Voigt's treatment of Ernst Jünger shows little awareness of his problematical significance in modern German thought. This uncritical admiration can be appreciated in view of the fact

that Mr. Voigt describes one of his works as the noblest expression of the European idea since Novalis' *Die Christenheit oder Europa*. This book by Novalis was one of the major reactions of the German Romantics against the spirit and intentions of the French Revolution, just as Jünger's work is a prominent feature of recent trends in German thought sometimes described as the 'Conservative Revolution' (cf. the book by Jünger's secretary, Armin Mohler, *Die Konservative Revolution in Deutschland*). Those of us who regard the achievement of the French Revolution and its contribution to the modern world as valuable and significant, will regard Mr. Voigt's glorification of Novalis' political views as peculiar and will find it not surprising that Mr. Voigt's survey is limited to writers from, or associated with, Western Germany, as if in Eastern Germany there is no German writing to report.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham

R. HINTON THOMAS

Living in an Atomic Age

Sir,—The high cost of living is mainly due to the lack of national and international competition. Under co-operation—that is, socialism—both the inefficient and the high-cost producer can maintain themselves: under competition—that is, free trade—they are compelled to give up their business and to pursue other activities. The inefficient and the high-cost producer may be thus injured: but thousands of consumers are enabled to purchase more, cheaper, and better goods. Yet Bertrand Russell, in his broadcast reprinted in *THE LISTENER* of June 14, is full of praise for co-operation and full of scorn for competition. Are we to assume that so illustrious a philosopher is altogether indifferent to the fatal damage inflicted upon mankind by the high cost of living?—Yours, etc.,

Egham

PAUL DE HEVESY

The 'Centurion'

Sir,—We note with pleasure the interest of Sir Alan Moore in the ship *Centurion*, the symbol which the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has chosen for its two hundred and fiftieth birthday celebrations, and are gratified that one who has made nautical research his life-long study should have found so little of which to complain in our efforts.

With regard to the small details to which he now draws attention, we would say:

1. That his comments on the dimensions of the 'sprit-yard' may or may not be correct. *Centurion* has however been constructed to the scale of the models available in the National Maritime Museum, and in accordance with photographic plates of model ships of the type and period in private collections.

2. With regard to the wheel. Sir Alan concedes that she may have had a wheel. This possibility is also envisaged by the National Maritime Museum. In any event we are also concerned with practical seamanship today.

3. We appreciate that the Crucifix at the break of the poop belongs to pre-Reformation history, and of course is the origin of saluting the quarter-deck. Having regard to *Centurion's* 1951 mission, however, it is singularly appropriate that it should be there.

4. Lastly, with regard to the flags. The picture which Sir Alan saw was taken on trials before *Centurion* was officially handed over to the Society. If your correspondent saw her now, after her commissioning and dedication by the Archbishop of Canterbury, his sensibilities would be even more outraged. Now she flies the flags of thirty-eight nations and territories, which may or may not have existed at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Those who criticise the ship on this score miss the whole symbolism of *Centurion*, for the flags represent the nations to which missionaries of this Society, between 1701 and 1951, have taken the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Society acknowledges its deep gratitude

to the National Maritime Museum and the group of senior naval officers who have generously given their advice in the reconstruction, and to those who, like Sir Alan, offer their constructive criticism, that the representation may be worthy of the great truths *Centurion* is to proclaim round our coasts. We trust Sir Alan will be as interested in her mission and its objects, as he is in the details of her construction.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

JOHN D. DIXON
Home Secretary, S.P.G.

Sir Thomas Lawrence

Sir,—In his notice of the Lawrence Exhibition at Messrs. Agnews' Mr. Pope-Hennessy observes that 'posterity has tended to endorse Crabbe Robinson's opinion that Lawrence was a popular painter and no more', and provides some entirely convincing reasons for dissenting from such a verdict; 'posterity' in this context presumably implying those qualified to pronounce any kind of verdict at all. The statement then needs to be qualified with 'down to our own time', for Roger Fry did full justice to Lawrence in his *Reflections on British Painting* (1934). Some of your readers may care to be reminded of that percipient and cordial revaluation of the artist's achievement. He had no expectation of posthumous fame—perhaps all those ladies with too bright eyes, the occasional sharp accents and flashy tone contrasts weighed upon his conscience in retrospect.—'I do not for a moment suppose that my reputation will ever stand as high after my death as it has done in my lifetime'. That may well be, since Lawrence enjoyed a colossal contemporary renown: but, *pace* Crabbe Robinson, 'he is one of our greatest masters' and (*apropos* his state portraiture) 'No one since Rubens had possessed quite this kind of competence'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.4

RALPH EDWARDS

'No. 5 Bomber Groups, R.A.F.'

Sir,—In 'The Listener's Book Chronicle' you print a review of *No. 5 Bomber Group, R.A.F.*, by W. J. Lawrence.

The penultimate sentence contains a most peculiar and inaccurate statement that Group Captain Cheshire, 'who had commanded No. 5 Bomber Group from the spring of 1943 to the spring of 1945, observed the effect of the first atom bomb from the air'. This refers, I think, to Group Captain G. L. Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., who commanded No. 617 Squadron during that period. Your reviewer is apparently unaware that Group Captain in the Royal Air Force is the equivalent rank to full Colonel in the Army, and that a Group in the Royal Air Force is equivalent roughly to a Division in the Army, and is generally commanded by an Air Officer Commanding of the rank of Air Vice-Marshal, that is, a Major-General in the Army. During the period which is mentioned, the Group was, in fact, commanded by Air Vice-Marshal the Hon. R. A. Cochrane.—Yours, etc.,

Bradford

LANGDALE SUNDERLAND
late 207 Squadron, 5 Group,
Bomber Command, R.A.F.

'English Literature of the 19th Century'

Sir,—I do not wish to reply at length to Dr. Herbert Read's rather scathing review of my *English Literature of the 19th Century*, because the book has been received with pleasure in other quarters. But the following points might be noted.

I am accused of 'distinguishing sharply' literary history from literary criticism: what I actually say in my Preface is that 'no absolute division' exists between them. I am said to have dismissed Emily Brontë as a poet in a single brief phrase: I actually quote a couple of lines

from what is commonly regarded as one of her finest poems. It is also commonly accepted that Dickens is a very great writer and Borrow a comparatively minor one, so I am unrepentant about devoting twelve pages to the one and nineteen lines to the other. It is no doubt my historical bias that makes me disagree with Pound's words quoted by Dr. Read: so far from Landor's mind having been 'very possibly the best mind in England of his day, save for those months that Voltaire spent in London', this estimate is historically impossible. Landor was a child of three when Voltaire died at a great age, and the Frenchman came to London exactly half a century before the Englishman was born. This historical method may be 'the method that kills' but it is not responsible for the death of Voltaire before he had a chance to become Landor's contemporary.

As for my own writing in general, I am content to be classed in the tradition of Cobbett, Dickens, Chesterton and Orwell (see the current *Fortnightly*, page 403) rather than in the tradition of the Landors or the Anarchists.

Yours, etc.,

Southbourne

R. C. CHURCHILL

The Koh-i-Noor Diamond

Sir,—Mr. John Martin has omitted the best story about this famous diamond. After the overthrow of the Sikh empire, it was handed over to John Lawrence. Lawrence, who was notoriously absent-minded, put it in the pocket of his white cotton coat and forgot all about it. Shortly after, a letter arrived from Lord Dalhousie, the Governor General, saying that Queen Victoria had ordered it to be sent to her. Meanwhile, the coat had gone to the wash! Lawrence, panic stricken, asked his bearer whether he had found anything in the pocket. 'If you mean that bit of glass', said the servant, 'I put it in the drawer'. Lawrence lost no time in sending it home to become part of the British crown!—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

H. G. RAWLINSON

The 'Greyfriars' Tradition

Sir,—Surely Mr. Parsons is a little off the mark in describing the Greyfriars stories as 'black and white romanticism'? The extreme refinement in characterisation lifted them far above the level of the old morality plays in which hero and villain were clearly delineated and in which there were no in-betweens. As for the stories themselves, they conformed strictly to a set of self-imposed rules which made them approximate more to orthodox materialism than to romanticism.

I admit that, as the stories began in 1908, it is rather difficult to make any generalisation that will aptly cover so wide a period, but in so far as the characterisation dominated the storytelling (which must certainly be unique in the annals of boys' literature) they are more in the spirit of Dickens than anything else. Billy Bunter, for example, was Dickensian in his enormities, a grotesque combination of Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Gamp. One is tempted to surmise that, with so highly developed a set of characters, the stories practically wrote themselves. As Mr. Parsons points out, however, they bear no relation to Priestley.—Yours, etc.,

Havant

R. M. JENKINS

Country Fair (2s. 6d.), a new illustrated 'monthly journal of the open air', edited by Macdonald Hastings with A. G. Street, is now published. The first number tells 'all about the country in July', from the weather you may expect to the right menu for a July supper-party. Articles cover a multitude of subjects, from the 'conversion' of a week-end cottage to bird-watching and the care of dogs.

The Quest for Skorzeny

By W. STANLEY MOSS

OTTO SKORZENY must be one of the most easily recognisable people in Europe. He is a giant of a man, six foot four inches in height, some twenty stone in weight, and his handsome face is indelibly stamped from ear to chin with a deep duelling scar. And yet, at the war's end, when he was taken as a prisoner to Darmstadt Internment Camp, he felt confident in saying, 'I shall escape when and how I please, and you will never find me'. Sure enough, before a week was out, it did please him to escape and he vanished apparently without trace from the face of the earth.

'Hitler's Trigger-man'

It is perhaps not generally realised just how much Skorzeny had accomplished during the short time since he emerged from obscurity as a young Commando captain in the latter stages of the war. Not only had he played the leading part in Mussolini's fabulous rescue: he had also kidnapped Nicholas Horthy, the Regent's son, in Budapest. He had commanded a German division on the Russian front, become Chief of Commando operations in the west, and personally led the much-publicised spearhead attack in the Battle of the Bulge when he and his men disguised themselves as American troops. When he escaped from Darmstadt in July 1948, the hue and cry was immediate. He was publicised variously as 'The Most Dangerous Man in Europe', and 'Hitler's Trigger-man', and he became once more the central figure on a stage that had been almost denuded of leading players.

The generally recognised British weakness for exploring the case histories of our defeated enemies had for some time prompted me to try and reconstruct the story of Mussolini's 'Hundred Days', starting with the Duce's dramatic fall from power, and ending with his grim execution on the shores of Lake Como. With Captain Michael Luke, a friend of mine, I had planned to travel about the Continent seeking first-hand information from the protagonists of the story; and of these, it was obviously Otto Skorzeny who would have the most vital tale to tell.

Since both Michael and I had worked for secret organisations during the war, we were able through the co-operation of erstwhile colleagues to learn details of Skorzeny's present activities. He was apparently in hiding somewhere in France, and was engaged in operating an underground Nazi organisation throughout Europe. Just when we felt the moment was ripe for tackling him, however, he made the most startling reappearance. With characteristic bravado, he was sitting with a girl drinking pernod outside one of the smartest cafes in the Champs Elysées, when a passing newspaper reporter chanced to recognise him. With commendable journalistic astuteness, the reporter took a photograph on the spot; and that evening—it was February 13 of last year—every paper in Paris ran banner headlines to the effect that 'Hitler's No. 1 Killer' was at large in the capital. When we heard the news, Michael and I were naturally delighted, and we decided to fly to Paris on that very afternoon. It was a Saturday, however. Air passages were almost impossible to obtain, and we finally compromised by travelling seated on a crate of frozen fish in a midnight freight plane.

When we arrived in Paris we managed to find ourselves a hotel, and slept soundly until mid-morning. Then we bestirred ourselves and went for a stroll along the Rue de Rivoli. Presently we stopped at a newspaper kiosk; and to our horror, the first things to confront us were two photographs of ourselves. Beneath a front-page headline, which read 'Major Moss begins his hunt for Scarface', the reporter of a national Sunday newspaper had written: 'A fast aircraft left London last night for a secret destination on the Continent in response to a sudden telephone call. It carried two young men who plan to hunt down Scarface Otto Skorzeny . . .'. Then came the photographs and a whole column of further details concerning our quest.

The references to the fast aeroplane and a secret destination certainly amused us; but, at the same time, we were afraid that this announcement would probably deprive us of any chance of finding our quarry and we were quite right: Skorzeny once again vanished into thin air, and in fact almost a further year had passed before we finally managed

to make contact with him. He himself, however, had not by any means been the only interested person to read of our arrival in Paris on that lovely Sunday morning. When we arrived back at our hotel, the concierge told us that a gentleman had already telephoned three times to enquire after us. He had not left his name, but said he would telephone again shortly. The porter had scarcely finished talking when the bell rang at the switchboard, and our mysterious caller was on the line again. He spoke French with a heavy foreign accent and refused to disclose his identity. We did not have a conversation: it was a monologue, and all he said, in no uncertain terms, was that for the good of our health we should leave Paris immediately. Then he rang off.

How the man had discovered where we were living, we could not guess; but this was only the beginning of such surprises. Before the day was out we were visited by a person who had no mind to keep his identity a secret. He said he was a certain Captain Jaques Kaminski, a Frenchman despite his Slavic-sounding name, and that he had read of our arrival and traced us through the British Embassy, with which we were in contact. He was a small, dark-haired man of nondescript features, who displayed an almost embarrassing brand of heartiness. He told us that he had operated in Italy for a secret Nazi-Fascist organisation which he said was called '*Die Spinne*'—in other words, 'The Spider'—of which Otto Skorzeny was the European figurehead. The headquarters of 'The Spider', which was undoubtedly run by Hitler's deputy, Martin Bormann, was said to be in the Argentine, where a Nazi phalanx had assembled. Until the time when Kaminsky had fallen out with the organisation as a result of financial differences, he had worked for it as a pilot, and would therefore be able to provide us with minute details of its European structure. We were much intrigued, and asked him if he would be good enough to let us have a written statement concerning his activities; and with this he duly obliged us.

The Model Guest

It was through Kaminski that we again picked up Skorzeny's trail. To his certain knowledge, our quarry had been hiding under an assumed name in a small hotel at Saint Germain-en-Laye just outside Paris. 'So you want to find him?' Kaminski asked. 'You wish to join "*Die Spinne*"?' I told him no, we were just collecting material for a book; whereat he slapped me on the back, and said, 'I know you British. You don't fool me. Always joking, always bluffing'. Once he had gone, we wasted no time in paying a visit to the hotel at Saint Germain-en-Laye. It was a quiet, innocent-looking little pension, with pink walls and blue shutters. Its name was 'The Cedars', and the prosaic list of bourgeois names in its register seemed incapable of harbouring grave secrets. Yet, in looking through the guest-book, we discovered the following entry:

Name:	Steiner, Rolf
Date of Birth:	December 12, 1909
Place of Birth:	Vienna
Nationality:	Austrian
Occupation:	None

Each of these details concerning Rolf Steiner perfectly described Skorzeny. The manager of the hotel informed us that Mr. Steiner, a model guest who had always paid his bill regularly, had left with apparent haste two days previously saying that he would return in about a week's time. He had not said where he was going, nor had he left a forwarding address.

We left the hotel in the near-certainty that Skorzeny would never return to it, and reluctantly admitted to ourselves that we had lost track of him once more. By the happiest of chances, however, we picked up his trail again a few hours later. When we returned from Saint Germain-en-Laye, we arranged to meet an old friend of our secret service days who we hoped might be able to help us; and it was while we were sitting together at the Cafe Flore that he pointed out to us a girl who was reputed to be a close friend of Skorzeny's. She was very pretty, with platinum blonde hair, eyes as blue as a hedge-

sparrow's egg, and a skin so tanned as to be more appropriate to midsummer than an early spring day. It was fortunate for us that this encounter took place in that notoriously Bohemian cafe, where there is no formality about making the acquaintance of people whom you have never seen before in your life. Within a short time we were chatting with the girl, and by the most well-tried of conversational tactics we soon extracted from her the latest news of Skorzeny's movements.

'I bet nobody knows where Skorzeny's got to now', said Micky, once we had steered the talk in the right direction.

'Oh no?' she replied, looking very pleased with herself. 'I do'.

'And so do I', I rejoined. 'He's in Rome'.

The girl laughed. 'That's what you think', she said. 'I happen to know differently. He's in Mègeve'.

Bombast and Threats

This was all we wanted to know. Before leaving, we arranged to meet the girl again, hoping that through her we might meet some leading figures of the Nazi inner-circle in Paris: then we returned to our hotel, collected our suit cases, and went to catch the train to Mègeve. By the following morning we had reached our destination in the French Alps; but a whole day passed before we discovered Rolf Steiner's signature in a hotel register. Our excitement was short lived. The hall porter told us that Mr. Steiner had left suddenly twenty-four hours previously, leaving neither address nor instructions. We made the long, dreary journey back to Paris and returned to our hotel, where to our surprise we found the bombastic Captain Kaminski, an evil-smelling cigar in his hand, reclining in an armchair in our private sitting-room.

'Ah', he said. 'I was expecting you. But you are late'.

He went on to tell us that an agent of 'The Spider' organisation had just arrived in Paris from South America. If we wished to meet him, Kaminski could arrange it. Naturally we agreed; and so, after a deal of chatter, he left us, saying that he would telephone later to let us know what arrangements he had made. An hour later, the bell rang. We thought it would be Kaminski, but we were mistaken: it was the caller who had treated us to such an unfriendly welcome on our first day in Paris. Once again, it was he who did all the talking. He was surprised, he said, that we had had the temerity to return to the city. Perhaps we had not properly understood him? Indeed, he hoped that we weren't treating his warning lightly. 'Within twenty-four hours', he concluded, 'I trust you will have left Paris for good'. As things turned out, we did not return to England for six weeks, but our sinister friend fortunately confined his belligerence to nothing more frightening than telephonic threats.

In the evening, Kaminski rang up. The agent from Buenos Aires, he said, would be awaiting us at the Cafe Weber at eleven o'clock in the morning. His code name was Alfredo, and he would have with him, of all things, a crop-eared boxer dog. We had no difficulty next day in recognising our man. He was Latin in appearance, very smartly, though typically, dressed in a chalk-stripe suit, Panama hat, and 'correspondent' shoes. The boxer dog, which sat under his chair, regarded him with no apparent affection. We soon got him talking about 'The Spider'. Like Kaminski, he said he had left the organisation because of its failure to pay him adequately for services rendered; but here I think I should mention that this explanation was quite untrue. We later discovered from other members of 'The Spider' that he had simply been sacked. Be that as it may, the information with which he provided us was of a startling nature. The organisation, he said, operated under cover of an apparently *bona fide* South American import-export firm, the name of which I am afraid I am not allowed to divulge. He provided us with a list of its directors, who undoubtedly sounded German to the core. This firm arranged for the transportation and induction to 'The Spider's' headquarters of all types of recruits from technicians to war criminals. Recent arrivals had included two of the best-known Luftwaffe 'aces', whom we knew well by name, and they had been enrolled as test-pilots at a flourishing aeroplane factory just outside the town. This factory, magnificently furnished with the latest equipment, was run by a well-known scientist who had been chief of the Focke-Wulf works in Germany during the war.

Our informant proceeded to give us details of the methods of transportation, the secret routes through Europe, the elaborate co-operation of the Argentine police, and the manufacture of false documents and passports. We asked him if he knew anything of Skorzeny's present activities; but here we drew a blank. Skorzeny, he said, was undoubtedly the European chief of 'The Spider', because Martin Bormann had hitherto only once ventured as far west as Spain; but where we could

find him he did not know. The only suggestion he could make was that we should go to Zurich in Switzerland, where the organisation's funds were deposited. It had always been our intention to go to Zurich, for we had been assured by our own colleagues that we would find much to interest us there; but before leaving we thought it wise to visit a friend of ours with whom we had been connected during our war-time secret activities and to tell him what we had learned.

A revelation was in store for us. Kaminski, we were told, was a well-known Russian agent, who for many years had worked in the major European countries—including England, from which he had been deported. His statement, moreover, was an almost direct transcription of a secret key issued by the Central Bureau in Moscow for the use of its agents. I should perhaps explain what this entails. In all probability, a Russian agent had actually succeeded in being recruited by 'The Spider' and had worked for the organisation. Having learned all that he wanted, he had escaped from it, and reported his findings to the Central Bureau, which had then formulated a key statement to be used as a passport of confidence by its agents everywhere. With slight alterations to suit his situation, an agent like Kaminski was therefore able to gain trust by appearing to have been an active member of 'The Spider'. Fortunately, one of these keys had fallen into the hands of our secret service; and we found that it tallied almost word for word with Kaminski's document.

From now on our own activities received an altogether unexpected interest and encouragement, while in this new light Skorzeny's own position became more apparent. His movements and associates were of interest to several nationalities and for different reasons. Already we had suspected that his presence in Paris could not have been unknown to the Sûreté, for he was not the sort of man to have gone long unrecognised. At the same time, the very fact that he and his associates had been allowed to live there unmolested provided the communists with a trump political card. The indulgent harbouring of a notorious Nazi killer, they said, was sure proof of corrupt and treacherous government at home, of British assent, and American support.

'The Spider's' Web

In the face of such diatribes, Micky and I soon began to wonder just on *whose* toes we had been treading, for it seemed that we unwittingly had been playing straight into the hands of the communists. Although we said again and again that we were only employed in writing a book, apparently no one believed us. In Zurich, Geneva, and Northern Italy, we were greeted with similar scepticism. We received anonymous telephone calls, and were visited at all hours of day or night by interested parties. Back in Paris, we continued to see Kaminski regularly, and reported each move he made to the appropriate department. We renewed acquaintance with the flashily-dressed Alfredo and Skorzeny's blue-eyed girl friend; and we met several members of 'The Spider' organisation. From them we learned the minutest details of its structure; and once, much to our amusement, we were offered the opportunity of joining it ourselves.

For Skorzeny, the pace had apparently become too hot. A letter which I had asked to have delivered to him was answered from Egypt, where he was hiding at Heliopolis, a suburb of Cairo. Several months passed before he returned once more to Europe—and the last we heard of him was that he was intending to join Martin Bormann and his compatriots in South America. At the same time, as far as 'The Spider' was concerned, Micky and I went into voluntary liquidation. Like Skorzeny himself, we realised that we were being used as communist pawns, and it seemed to us that from the point of view of the Western Powers, the less information we disclosed the better.

With regard to our quest for Skorzeny, our object had been attained. We had learned more than we had dared to hope for regarding every facet of Mussolini's kidnapping, even to the extent of bringing home with us Skorzeny's personal account of his exploit. It makes a fascinating story; and perhaps, one day, I may come back to tell it.

—Home Service

The older generation which takes pleasure from nostalgia may like to dip into Cecil M. Hepworth's *Came the Dawn* (Phoenix, 16s.) Mr. Hepworth was a pioneer of the British film industry and he conjures up for us memories of Alma Taylor, the Walton-on-Thames studios and early 'silent' days. Mr. Hepworth's father, he tells us, was a photographer who spent much time with an immense camera in his back yard. He gave his son a little lathe on his twenty-first birthday as he was of the opinion that anyone who mastered the art of metal turning need never be out of a job.

Heart and Home

The position of women in America, by CHRISTOPHER SALMON

EVERYBODY knows that in America women occupy a position of remarkable influence. American women themselves are apt to be conscious of having certain national responsibilities to live up to. I have heard not a few of them say, on returning from England, that they do not understand how English women can tolerate their situation. I do not myself see that that is much of a problem. Women's happiness, individually, like men's for that matter, depends so much on nothing more complicated than the good opinion of the opposite sex, and this they are going to solicit, normally, within the conventions which govern the progress of love and the institution of marriage in their own country. Two words on this topic I shall avoid—'masculine' and 'feminine'. English women cannot be said to be more feminine, if they have less authority, or American women less feminine if they have more. 'Masculine' and 'feminine' are used to mean not what men or women are, but what they ought to be, and as opinions on the ideal differ from country to country, it can only be misleading to try to describe international social differences with them.

Social Relations between the Sexes

A French woman once told me that she had found it difficult in England to tell the women from the men, a remark which, I find, American women also understand. I supposed she was making the stock reference to woollen stockings and tweeds. But her observation turned out to be much more revealing. Moving about England and staying with her friends, she had failed, she said, to discover in English women any of the signs by which she was accustomed to recognise the character and social standing of women in France. But when she had learnt by what standards and measures to judge English men she found she could apply the same with success to English women. This surprised her, for in France you must judge men by one code, but women by another. The reason is that each sex in France has long since developed an independent corporate life and tradition of its own. This makes for interesting articulations in the social relations between the sexes.

The French have found room, more than any other people in their social institutions, to accommodate the man and the woman's ideal, both of themselves and each other. I think that England and America differ from France in applying one code only to both sexes. But they also differ from each other, since in England it is men who have made the code, while it is the women who have made it in America. English and Americans, in sharp contrast to most European nations, have insisted on regarding social life as sexually neutral. The art of it, English and Americans think, should provide us with the do's and don'ts by which we can govern all decent and effective association of men with men, of women with women, and of men with women, irrespectively. Sex, if it has to come in—as for instance in marriage—we regard as an extra which can and should be dealt with on its own. This view makes us feel, both English and Americans, that there is something refreshingly wholesome about our attitude to mixed society. We can work together, we think, play games together, discuss problems together, without being distracted or corrupted by the irrelevances of sex. The French, meanwhile, remain convinced that sex is an essential element in all association, making the society of men with men one art, of women with women another, and of men with women a third. They call us hypocritical and sentimental, and maintain—and fairly I think too—that their courtships and marriages generate a livelier intellectual atmosphere than ours.

The code which dominated British social ideals for two hundred years till 1939 we owe to the countryman of leisure, who developed an art of corporate life out of the intricate obligations of a system of land ownership and tenancy. While the English woman remained at home to run her large house and bring up her children, the Englishman walked abroad in his fields, and devised all kinds of responsible exchanges. In due time he drew from local government, from systematic philanthropy, from club life and from country sports the material of all the social virtues. And his wife, having no corporate experience of her own, acknowledged these herself, and imposed them on her family.

In America, I believe, it has been all the other way. The serious social opportunities went to the women. There was so much physical work to be done that, except for a short time in the South, the men were never at leisure. Even now the men seem to me to make very little of male society. Business is immensely serious, for this is the means by which they do their duty by their wives. Politics are as serious as they need be to maintain the principles of business and extend its scope. American men play their golf and visit their country clubs, but apparently they do this for diversion only, and not as we do to stiffen ourselves morally or build up *esprit de corps*. College reunions, and gatherings of Elks, and Shriners, and Mooses, are devotedly attended, but they seem to me to be principally rather pathetic hark-backs to days before their members were responsible for their wives.

Meanwhile, it is the women who have sought and seek maturity and mutual improvement in each other's company. Their corporate intentions, their social seriousness, their communal activity, their political, intellectual and philanthropic leagues have no parallel in the world. While the men work in their offices and farms and factories, it is the women in America who walk abroad, not into a countryside, but into the suburbs—woman's heaven. A house not too large, two cars in the garage, and the shopping centre close by. And what a passion for culture. 'Fifty-four-year-old mom graduates at last', I read in today's paper. 'Mother of sixteen adds new laurel to collection. Congratulations a thousand times'. The tradition of American virtue and culture, and the American economic system, too, are elaborations of the art of home-keeping, and home is the right word. Monticello and The Hermitage are houses because they have ceased to be lived in. The going concern is always a home. A home is even what you commission the architect to build, and the agent's board by the side of the road says 'home on view' and that is very significant, because, of course, the home is the woman's province.

Feathering the Nest

It was the house in England which was the source of the man's authority. It had come down to him through the male line through generations of entail. The bride when she came there found everything in it, furniture, linen and servants left there by her father- or mother-in-law. Of such immediate acquisition the American woman would never have approved. From dabs of clay, one spring, in Colne St. Aubyn, I think it was, I watched a swallow build his nest under the eave. He licked up a beak like the prow of a ship for his female to sit on, and she sat there all day while he built the nest round her. That is what the American girl likes. Her husband must build a home round her. She will start married life with him, renting a last year's nest. She will probably be only nineteen, then, and he will be twenty-one. But to own your own home is, in America, the essential foundation for a happy married life. And by the time he is twenty-six she will expect him, with the help of a loaning agency, to own one. Then he will start adding to its value. Into it will go, one by one, all the improvements; a kitchen stove with a control panel like a cock-pit; an automatic, self-feeding, self-regulating furnace; alarm-clock coffee pots, pressure cookers, electric flips, a garbage disposer, metal storm windows, dish washers and dryers, and panels of rosewood and walnut, which are television, radio, and gramophone in one. Precious feather after feather sinks into the nest.

Not only the house but all property in America seems to me in the end to carry the same label, 'A present for mom'. Mom's happiness and mom's leisure are man's achievement and evidence of his social duties successfully discharged. It is a great mistake to call American culture 'materialistic'. It is the product of 'the honour-loving part' fostered, as Plato described it, at the root of oligarchy, by the wife and the mother. Keeping up with the Joneses is much more like self-sacrifice than self-indulgence. It is shouldering the fifty square yards, or whatever it is, of your duty to the community, and the rules of the competition are strict. To live beyond your means is something to which the American future does not lend itself. Nothing is rotten in the State of

Wisconsin. Banks will allow you short-term loans but never an overdraft, and shopping accounts are monthly.

The ordered wisdom of women's social experience shows up, I think, even in the appearance of the American scene. Women, relying for physical welfare so entirely on the men, but for spiritual welfare so entirely on each other, have lifted the practical on to the ethical plane, and everywhere subordinated design to function. Even American chic, even in New York, has a touch of the coldness of use. Style depends on outline. Invention runs less to improvisation than to statement. The French designer interprets: the American designer formulates, or simply, as with his famous 'falsies', extends nature. And as soon as design lapses a moral tone shows very plainly through.

It has not been by accident that the *New Yorker* has established so much of its reputation on the comic aspects of women's duties, and on the cartoon of the woman who, needing poise so much and charm so little, simply assumes her appearance, and carries into bright day, or the Astoria, and utterly without misgiving, from flowered toque to costume-jewellery, spectacles, combs and hearing-aids, her share of the heavy burden of responsibility. Hollywood and the Parisian exiles of the 'twenties have been to blame. Almost everything we have become accustomed to repeat to each other abroad about American domestic life is false. They do not divorce, eat out, or live in automobiles. Their home life is the most conscientious and exemplary in the world. In England, we took the disappearance of the servant as a sign for locking the silver away. In America they quickly substituted a soft for a hard shirt, and carried on with the cut glass and candlesticks, even though they had to polish these themselves. No one in America is afraid of hard work, and there is no limit to their kindness or their hospitality.

Divorce they seem to me to treat more rationally than we do, and the fact is, I think, that public opinion and community sentiment overlooking every wall, as they do in America, make marital intrigue virtually impossible to carry on. Besides, for marital intrigue Americans have no taste. They are wholly devoted to bringing up their families.

Nurses do not exist; houses are small; neither boys nor girls will usually be sent to boarding school, and never before fourteen, but everybody loves children, and would give up everything in the world for them. And those who do not have them adopt them. Mothers' Day was always an American institution, but a few days ago Senator Estes Kefauver, who has been Chairman of the Senate Crime Investigation Committee, and is now being talked about as a possible candidate for the United States Presidency, was elected 'Father of the Year' for 1951 by the National Fathers' Day Committee, which sits in New York. And there is a Grandmothers' Day, and talk of a Grandfathers' Day. And every day, lines like these appear in the Obituary Notices of the local newspapers. 'Smith, May the 25th, at the home of his daughter. Survived by daughter (her name given), by one son (his name given), by one daughter-in-law, one son-in-law, one uncle, seven grandchildren, fifteen great grandchildren, four grandsons-in-law, one granddaughter-in-law' (all names given) and then the magnificent conclusion: 'host of nieces and nephews, other relatives and friends'.

Every country pays its own price for its social achievements. Most foreigners would say of us in England that for a hundred years we have been sacrificing Agnes Greys, with long hair and pale cheeks, drained of blood by their brothers, led at a very immature twenty to altars of spinsterdom. In America, the ceremony is more vital and barbaric. The sacrifice is of romantic love. The deity to whom the sacrifice is offered is Matrona Laris, the lady of the house, chaste-head, *capitis matrona pudici*. The victim is nineteen, a girl called Queen, victor of a thousand beauty contests. For seven years her photograph has appeared in every newspaper. For seven years she has worn the tokens of love, and danced, but only with the neophyte, the barren dance of the teenager. Now she must die. Teen-age in America is as elaborate and artificial as chivalry. With its adolescent ardours and inspirations, its ecstatic visions, its casualties and rescues and its exploitations, it is a sort of children's crusade. Italy has had its '*cavalieri serventi*'; France, its '*grandes maitresses*'; America has 'the teenager'.

—Third Programme

Do New Techniques Need New Virtues?

(continued from page 1036)

of man. This imperfection has been with man always, and modern man has in no wise an extra dose of original sin in him. In fact there is among western peoples a large sense of our common humanity. People will give generously to a famine-stricken area; our dangers lie in the structure of modern life, which as in the case of India I quoted, has made famine by a blind following of an alleged technical and economic advance. And there are other ways in which this uncontrolled drift made for strains and stresses which render human imperfection very disruptive. The close interdependence of over-specialised economic areas is a cause of trouble rather than of harmony. With the spread of the industrial arts, more people are competing for the food and raw materials from dwindling sources of these things—and competing by sending away more and more machine products for each mouthful of food. There is also the urge for technical pre-eminence in many peoples not at all suited for it—with a consequent inferiority feeling (quite unfounded) that makes them aggressive.

Again, the weakening of all natural communities, of local loyalties and of spontaneous associations—the bonds of craft, kinship, profession and creed—leaves men with little else but economic bonds and the sole legal association of the state. It is this empty social space between the naked individual and the naked state that tends to canalise all community impulses into nationalisms of a rivalrous kind. The disruption of the smaller areas of community by the extension of vast impersonal relationships and the lack of satisfaction in the work life of masses of people breeds the kind of inner disharmonies which Lord Russell sees to be at the root of unco-operative behaviour. Moreover, loss of community feeling and loss of a sense of significance in work tend to throw people back upon self-interest and economic gain as the sole motives for doing anything. And loss of true social motives cannot be compensated for by an increase of leisure, for the same uprooted mentality prevents the leisure from being a healing and recuperative and co-operative thing.

I have tried to answer the main question with an account very different from that of Bertrand Russell. Our varying answers both require changes which are not easy to make. He hopes for a change

in mankind everywhere, which I think is a depressing view, for if you cannot begin anywhere without a change all over, you will in practice produce the feeling that nothing can be done. My view leads to the need for abating the uncontrolled drift of the technical age and giving it some sort of order so that the benefits of machinery and applied science become an aid to communities sound in their personal, community and cultural life, where the technical drift is now undermining them. This you will say is a programme just as impracticable as the other. It seems impracticable because it is against the grain of the current philosophy of our age, and runs counter to the direction in which the modern states are trying to cope with their difficulties. And men who are valiantly trying to deal with their problem in a certain way, and have built up complicated equipment for it, find it hard to discover and admit that the problem is of a different kind. Of course, in order to counteract the defects of the technical age—that is to say, in order to make life more balanced between the technical elements and the sources of community life—there will have to be great readjustments: changes, for instance, in the way many people get their living, a wide redistribution of social power so that it is not concentrated in any one group, and, above all, changes in outlook. Such changes need not be like the uprooting of a plant, but training it to grow in a different direction. The vital thing is for leadership to see the necessity and begin to find ways and means. With the more balanced society which I am sure is needed, there will come the beginning of international co-operation instead of international entanglement. Each community will be able to look at others without depending too much for its own excellence upon their behaviour. There can then be a true international concourse of thought, science, art, travel and friendship and a mutual exchange of surplus products: International connections will bring enrichments to countries sound in themselves, where such connections are now inexorable necessities for survival and power. For man cannot truly love his neighbour unless he has some strength to spare which comes from his being a complete man, and this applies to societies as well as to individuals.—Home Service

A New Way of Dating Prehistory

By F. E. ZEUNER

FROM earliest times we meet with a desire of man to date the remote past in terms of years, or at least to know how old the earth is, how long life has existed on it and, most interesting of all, when mankind first appeared. This desire has found an expression in several calendars which are based on assumed dates for the creation of the earth and for the appearance of man. The best known of these, the Jewish calendar, is also one of the shortest, counting only about 5,700 years since the Creation. The longest chronology of all is the Hindu, which begins with the Golden Age of mankind about 13,000,000 years ago. But none of those early chronologers ever hazarded an age for the earth anything like the figure of over 3,000,000,000 years, which is now regarded as probable. Their calculations, based on tradition and myth, have no scientific value. The attempt of scientists to establish chronologies in years for the history of the earth and of its inhabitants, prior to the records of history, is of comparatively recent date. This branch of science was given the name of Geochronology, following the suggestion of an American geologist towards the end of the last century.

Tree-ring Chronology

Various methods of dating are now used by geochronologists—some biological, some geological, some astronomical and some physical. And before I proceed to tell you something about the most recently developed and perhaps the most 'elegant' of all these methods—the radiocarbon method—I must give some account of the others, to set the new method in its proper frame. Each of these methods is capable of covering only a limited range of time. Fortunately where one method fails, another can be applied, and many a period is covered by two methods, so that checks are possible.

An example of a dating method based on a biological process is the counting of the annual growth-rings of trees. This method has achieved most success in the drier parts of the United States. There frequent droughts have impressed their marks on the growth-rings of the trees, and timber from pre-Columbian villages is connected with trees of a known and very recent felling date by a continuous sequence of specimens. The tree-ring chronology of North America covers something like 3,000 years. One of the geological methods of dating is based on the counting of annual layers of mud, silt and sand deposited in quiet water. These layers are called varves, a Swedish word introduced by the late Professor de Geer of Stockholm. By means of a kind of varves formed while the ice of the last great glaciation of Scandinavia was melting, a chronology of this period has been built up which provides us with a time-scale for the Middle and New Stone Ages, and the Metal Ages of prehistoric man. A notable date, which it has been possible to check by Carbon 14 determination, is that for the beginning of the retreat of the ice from a belt of moraines traversing central Sweden and southern Finland. It is called the Fennoscandian moraine, and the date is about 10,000 years ago.

The physical methods are all based on the phenomenon of radioactivity. For many years now it has been possible to estimate the age of certain rocks containing uranium minerals. Today everybody knows that uranium is a radioactive substance. It disintegrates slowly, leaving two other elements—namely lead and helium. Since disintegration is a strict function of time, the amounts of lead or helium which have accumulated in the rock give a clue to its age. It is to this method, and some similar ones using other radioactive elements, that we owe valuable information about the age of the earth and of geological formations. I have already mentioned that the age of the crust of the earth appears to be in the neighbourhood of 3,000,000,000 years, a calculation which we owe to Professor Holmes of Edinburgh University. The coal which is used in this country was found to be about 225,000,000 years old. And the chalk of the North and South Downs and the Chiltern Hills was deposited in a tropical sea about 80,000,000 years ago.

Unfortunately, methods which yield age estimates of the order of many millions of years, do not lend themselves to the dating of the very late geological formations with which the traces of prehistoric

man are associated. They suggest that the Pleistocene Ice Age, and with it the Old Stone Age or Palaeolithic period of human culture, began, very approximately, 1,000,000 years ago. Other methods, based on the rates of weathering of the land-surfaces and of the erosion of the river-valleys, or on astronomical cycles, roughly confirm this figure. But when it comes to the dating of the later periods of prehistory, especially the Middle and New Stone Ages, the Bronze Age and the Iron Age, radioactivity methods have until recently been quite inapplicable. So you will understand why it was that the arrival of a new dating method capable of dealing with samples from these late periods was hailed by archaeologists and geologists alike. This new method is based on the presence of radioactive carbon in the tissues of plants and animals. It was developed by Drs. Libby, Anderson and Arnold of the Institute for Nuclear Studies of the University of Chicago, and it covers approximately the last 20,000 years.

The story starts far out in space, with cosmic radiation. The cosmic rays in the upper atmosphere produce neutron particles which hit atoms of ordinary nitrogen and convert them into atoms of carbon of the atomic weight 14. This kind of carbon differs from ordinary carbon in two ways: it is heavier, and it is radioactive. The atomic weight of ordinary carbon is 12, but both kinds form the same chemical compounds, they are what the chemist calls isotopes. From our point of view it is important to note that both Carbon 12 and Carbon 14 enter into the formation of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. Carbon dioxide is the gas that plants feed upon and from which they build up their tissues. Carbon 14, therefore, enters into vegetable matter in the same proportion in which it is present in the atmosphere. Since all animals, either directly by feeding on plants, or indirectly by preying on other vegetarian species, derive their body substance from the vegetable kingdom, all living organic matter is likely to contain the same proportion of Carbon 14 compared with Carbon 12 as is found in the carbon dioxide gas contained in the atmosphere.

Carbon 14

The important fact about Carbon 14 is that it is radioactive. By emitting electrons it disintegrates and the atoms concerned revert to nitrogen. Thus, they disappear from our picture as we are interested only in the ratio of Carbon 14 to Carbon 12. But it is essential to know how fast this disintegration of Carbon 14 proceeds. A number of determinations of this rate have already been made and, though there is room for further improvement, it is certain that after about 5,700 years have elapsed, only one-half of any given quantity of Carbon 14 will be left over. Accordingly, this figure is called the half-life period of Carbon 14. Compared with this half-life period, the lifetime of an individual plant or animal (with the exception of long-lived trees like the Sequoia) is so short that its effect on the quantity of Carbon 14 present may be regarded as negligible, especially since the organism continues to derive fresh Carbon 14 from the atmosphere until it dies. But there is a change as soon as the organism is dead, for, from this moment onwards, no further Carbon 14 is added to its substance. On the contrary, the Carbon 14 present in the dead organism will disintegrate according to its half-life period. After about 5,700 years, the ratio of radioactive to ordinary carbon will have dropped to one-half of the value observed in living matter; after 11,400 years it will have dropped to one-quarter; and so forth.

It is on this phenomenon that the dating of archaeological and geological specimens by means of Carbon 14 is based. A piece of wood, for instance, that was shaped into an implement by Stone Age man, a lump of charcoal from a fire that warmed some of our ancestors thousands of years ago, a piece of leather made from the skin of an animal by Bronze Age man, and even the peat which has grown over a prehistoric dwelling place—all these will reveal their age from the amount of Carbon 14 still present in them. All that appears necessary is to determine the amounts of radio-active carbon and of ordinary carbon present in the specimen and to compare the ratio obtained with that of ordinary air, or of live organic matter. In practice, of course, this is far

from easy. There are many technical difficulties and problems, and the laboratory methods at present employed will have to be improved in the course of time. Moreover, not every specimen is suitable for a determination of its age in this way and the results obtained are not always consistent with other dating evidence.

But forgetting these snags which, after all, are encountered in all scientific work, let us look at some of the results obtained. First of all, when the scientist develops a new method, he wants to test it. Dr. Libby, therefore, applied the Carbon 14 method to some archaeological specimens, whose age was fairly accurately known from other sources. For instance, a piece of wood from an Egyptian coffin of the Ptolemaic period was known from historic evidence to be 2,280 years old. The radiocarbon date obtained was between 1,740 and 2,640 years, which gives a mean near 2,200. Considering the extremely minute quantities of radioactive carbon which have to be detected, the result must be regarded as extremely satisfactory. There are other examples. Specimens of wood which had previously been dated by a count of the annual growth-rings. One comes from a giant redwood, a *Sequoia*, which grew in California. According to the ring-count, the age of the specimen was 2,928 years, whilst the Carbon 14 determination gave between 2,580 and 2,840 years. Though a trifle low, this also is a reasonably satisfactory result. I could give more examples of this kind, but I hope those I have quoted suffice to show that, though the radiocarbon method does not yet provide dates which are exact in every respect, the results are in most cases of the right order of magnitude. And this is worth a great deal when it comes to estimating the age of specimens about which no accurate information is otherwise available.

Let us then venture into the unknown, into periods whose dating had hitherto been rather nebulous. First, a concrete case of dating a disputed document. Many of you will remember the *Dead Sea Scrolls*, found by Mr. G. Lankester Harding and Father R. de Vaux in Ain Fashkha Cave, Jordan. The cloth in which they were wrapped was analysed for its content of Carbon 14 and it assigned to them a date between 167 B.C. and A.D. 233. Since the pottery from the cave has generally been regarded as belonging to the Hellenistic Period, this result must be regarded as very satisfactory. Another interesting sample, this time of snail-shells, came from a prehistoric village site at Jarmo, in northern Iraq. It was submitted by the excavator, Professor Braidwood of the Oriental Institute, Chicago, and is older than any of the pottery-making cultures of that area. In effect, it gives us an indication of the age of the earliest agricultural communities so far known, and its date has turned out to be somewhere between 6,500 and 7,000 years ago. For a variety of reasons archaeologists are at the present inclined to believe that the great change in the economy of early man started by the adoption of agricultural practice cannot be much earlier than this.

First Arrival of Man in America

A problem which, very naturally, lies close to the heart of our American friends is that of the first arrival of man in America. We know that Christopher Columbus arrived in 1492, and also that Scandinavian adventurers had reached North America several centuries before this date. But at that time the American Indians had long been in possession of the Continent. When did *they* come to occupy America? Radiocarbon has provided a number of preliminary answers to this question. The oldest artifacts so far investigated by this method are a number of rope sandals from Oregon. The deposit which contained them was covered by a volcanic eruption. The sandals proved to be of a respectable antiquity, namely about 9,000 years old. This value is matched by several determinations of charcoal from prehistoric hearth sites. Two from Nebraska, for instance, gave ages between 9,000 and 12,000 years. Animal guano from a cave in Nevada which contained wooden artifacts, was between 8,000 and 9,000 years old. Finally, the Polliakke Cave in Chile contained burned bones of the giant sloth, of horse and guanaco associated with both human bones and artifacts. It, too, yielded an age of between 8,000 and 9,000 years. These figures are the highest so far obtained in America. Though they may be exceeded by future results, they are surprisingly consistent. They suggest that man first spread over the Americas very approximately 10,000 years ago.

Finally, I should like to give you a few examples which take us back to the end of the Ice Age both in Europe and in North America. In fact, the radiocarbon determinations I am going to quote have helped us in establishing a chronological correlation between deposits in eastern North America and in northern Europe. In both areas, the retreat of the ice at the end of the Last Glaciation was interrupted by

a new advance of the ice-front which, in Scandinavia, formed the Fennoscandian moraine which I mentioned earlier. Samples of wood and peat which just antedate the formation of this moraine have yielded a radiocarbon date of about 11,000 years, and it appears that the varve date obtained by de Geer a long time ago was about right. But now Professor Flint of Yale University submitted a number of North American specimens for radiocarbon estimation, and it has been found that the so-called Mankato stage of the North American ice sheet was contemporaneous with the Fennoscandian stage of Europe. Wood from trees overwhelmed by the Mankato ice gave a date of about 11,000 years ago. This sort of result is of far greater significance than might appear at first sight. We know a fair amount about early man of that period in Europe, and the larger the number of such correlations by means of radiocarbon, the more complete will become the picture of the early stages of the technological and cultural evolution of our ancestors the world over.

Though modern man is all too much inclined to neglect the experiences of the past and sometimes even takes a pride in neglecting them, I am convinced that it is impossible to understand humanity without the knowledge of how man came to be what he is today. And for such understanding absolute chronologies of the prehistoric periods, such as that now afforded by the radiocarbon methods, are a necessity

—Third Programme

Gardening

Miniature Roses

By HARRY WHEATCROFT

FOR MANY YEARS miniature roses have been regarded as the province of the rock gardener. Some varieties have been planted to add to the gaiety of the rock gardens and these were really dwarf growing. I am thinking of Rouletti, and Paeon. In contrast, the year 1880, or thereabouts, saw the introduction of Perle d'Or and Cecile Brunner. These attain a height of three feet and carry clusters of miniature blooms of great beauty.

About fifteen years ago I visited my friend Pedro Dot at Barcelona and found that for some time he had been working among the miniature flowered roses and had raised several new varieties. His first was a cross with the Polyantha rose Merveille des Rouge and the miniature Rouletti. From this crossing he got Perle Rosa and Perle d'Alcanada. Perle d'Alcanada is a bright crimson which grows nine to twelve inches high, and is covered with flowers throughout the season. Another grand little rose is best described as a miniature Mme. Abel Chatenay and is a great favourite. This is the little rose called Perle de Montserrat. The bush is ideal for small pot work and also very suitable for the rock garden. My own favourite is Josephine Wheatcroft. It is deep golden yellow with bright green foliage—a delightful foil for the flowers which are borne five or six to a branch. Every bloom is perfect, and an added joy is the fragrance. Its grandparents were Mme. Butterfly and Mme. Pierre Dupont—a pink and a yellow—which gave a seedling that was crossed with Rosa Rouletti. From this cross emerged Josephine Wheatcroft. Many other exciting miniatures are now in production, deep red, white, and pink. At a meeting of Rose Hybridists on the Riviera early this month, Pedro Dot brought the first flower of one the colour of the Paul Crampel geranium.

I also went to San Remo in Italy, and found that here, too, the hybridist had fallen to the charm of the miniature. But quite a new route was being followed, using the well-known specie rose Yellow Banksian, which grows into a large shrub five to six feet high. From this I saw the first batch of seedlings growing no higher than four inches. The hybridist told me that he hopes to have something worth while within ten years. A recent break that was to be expected was the climbing forms of these—Climbing Perle Rosa and Climbing Perle d'Alcanada are two of them. They send out slender stems three to four feet high, covered with flowers all along their growth.

As far as growing is concerned, miniature roses offer not the slightest difficulty. They thrive in any reasonable garden soil. They are just as hardy as the Polyantha and Hybrid Tea Roses and they require the same treatment as regards pruning.—Home Service

British Farming (96 pages, Stationery Office, 3s. 6d.), published today, is an illustrated account of the various branches of agriculture in the United Kingdom. Its aim is to interest the layman in farming.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Ronald Firbank. By Jocelyn Brooke.

Marcel Proust. By Charlotte Haldane.

Barker. 6s. and 7s. 6d. respectively.

HOW SHALL WE persuade the general to eat caviare? Shall we, like medieval schoolmen, simply denote its qualities—its blackness, its roundness, its minuteness? Shall we, appealing to the snobberies of higher education, describe the breeding habits of the sturgeon, the vast river systems of Russia, the methods, wages and social habits of the fishermen? Or, shall we, in some carefully prepared phrase, attempt to convey our sensual delights as we swallow the roe, risking, perhaps, in the process the revelation that much of our pleasure lies in our privileged and aristocratic taste? Is it not inevitable, in any case, that whatever campaign we use to extend the appeal of our favourite food will inevitably disgust our fellow gourmets?

It is a remarkable tribute to both Mrs. Haldane and Mr. Brooke that their popular introductions to the carefully guarded salons of Proust and Firbank should so successfully pave the way for new devotees without offending any of the old guard, save those whose admiration is based solely upon its exclusiveness. They make use of all methods of approach. They describe carefully the contents of the novels, and, if confirmed Proust addicts may find Mrs. Haldane's detailed account of the events and characters of *A la Recherche* otiose, they cannot call it unfaithful or incoherent, though they may, perhaps, object to her plea that, with this detailed guide, new readers may dip into Proust where they will, as disingenuous from one, who like other Proust lovers, so clearly believes that his work should be read as a whole. They give enough biographical detail, Freudian explanation and social background to convince the most education-snobbish novice that he is not being asked to read works that lie outside 'the great stream of literature'. They make no secret of their own private enthusiasms and preferences, and if Mr. Brooke seems, at times, a trifle apologetic for his Firbank-worship, and Mrs. Haldane a trifle gushing in her account of Proust's spiritual significance, the sincerity and ardour of their belief cannot fail to enrol many converts.

As introductions, then, for the general reader to writers whose esoteric terms of approach would seem at first sight so forbidding, these two studies are admirable. For confirmed readers of Proust or Firbank they are never annoying, which is much, and sometimes illuminating, which is more. Mrs. Haldane, of course, has the easier task. So much has been written of late about the background of Proust's work that she cannot be expected to contribute anything new. The vast scope, the endless overtones of *A la Recherche* give ample room for discussion and quotation. Her discussion avoids the pompous, her quotation is always apt.

Mr. Brooke, though a far more percipient critic and a much more accomplished writer, has a much harder task. *Les Plaisirs et les Jours* and *Odette d'Antrevernes* spring from the same *fin de siècle* sources, so rich as influences, so essentially minor in themselves. The delicate, fantastic, sweet-sour nursing-leaves of Proust grew into a vast forest, those of Firbank remained essentially the same, their form less artificial, their taste less sickly sweet, but always a minor flowering. The wit, the essence of his work, as Mr. Brooke sadly admits, is not to be squeezed out in chosen epigrams, it forms part of an esoteric, take it or leave it, total joke. Mr. Brooke does his best

to distil the perfume, but, at the last, the total of what he says to the reader unfamiliar with Firbank's work consists in 'Read *Valmouth*; if you like it, you like Firbank. Read *Sorrow in Sunlight*; if you like it, you like a beautifully constructed minor work of art; you may perhaps come to like Firbank's work, too, one day'. It is all, one suspects, that can profitably be said. Much more may eventually be known of Firbank's own life than is contained in the Kyrle Fletcher *Memoir*; indeed the most disappointing aspect of Mr. Brooke's work is its failure to add new anecdotes, but it will probably add little to the appreciation of his novels. Like Mr. Brooke, his readers will always be those who worship *Valmouth*, and love *Caprice* and *Sorrow in Sunlight*.

A Sailor's Odyssey. By Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope, O.M. Hutchinson. 21s.

Indomitable is the word that best characterises Lord Cunningham, and his book shows how that quality brought him not only to the head of his profession but also, among British sailors, an almost legendary reputation. The first part of the book may have more interest for sailors than for the general public, for the Navy lived and still lives a life of its own with standards and values not necessarily higher than others but peculiar to itself. The second part, Lord Cunningham's account of his share in the Second World War, makes an important contribution to history. Some of it is of course controversial but this often adds to the interest. For example the differences between Whitehall and Cunningham in the Mediterranean brought out in Mr. Churchill's book have lights thrown upon them from a contrasting angle and these will help the future historian to reach a just conclusion.

When in the summer of 1940 Italy joined in the war against us, Cunningham immediately took the offensive and, in the action of Calabria, the Fleet Air Arm attack on Taranto and later in the Battle of Matapan, he established such a moral ascendancy over the Italian Fleet that they never again seriously challenged us at sea. The failure of the Italians forced the Germans to bring their Luftwaffe south to restore the balance and to challenge our sea command of the Mediterranean. Against almost complete German domination of the air, it was the evacuation of our troops first from Greece and then from Crete that showed Cunningham in his full stature. The heavy and crippling losses to his fleet during this well-nigh disastrous period for British arms were redeemed by his own valiant and indomitable leadership and by the heroism and endurance he inspired.

Cunningham was next transferred to the naval command of the North African landings under Eisenhower for whom his respect and affection are obvious. His appreciations of him and of other leading personalities are a feature of the book. Like all strong characters he has his likes and dislikes, but his summings up, though shrewd and forthright, are kindly.

North Africa was followed by the invasion of Sicily, and here Cunningham is critical of the delay in deciding on a plan and believes that there was no excuse for the three months' interval before its execution. After Sicily the invasion of Italy followed and her surrender, including that of her fleet, when Cunningham made his proud signal to the Admiralty 'Be pleased to inform Their Lordships that the Italian battle fleet now

lies at anchor under the guns of the fortress of Malta'. Cunningham then came home to become First Sea Lord. There was still much to do and his story of it is full of interest; but great and valuable as was his work at the Admiralty and with the Chiefs of Staff, it is the glory of those epic days in the Mediterranean which for most of us illuminate the figure of a great sailor, a great leader and a very human man.

William Cowper. By Norman Nicholson.

Lehmann. 10s. 6d.

Cowper was so lovable a man that it would be hard to write ill of him. Mr. Nicholson is particularly impressed by the paradox of his personality, 'witty, and yet warped', as he puts it; 'warm-hearted, impulsive, and yet timid and reserved; sociable, and yet solitary; sympathetic, tolerant, understanding, and yet bigoted; gay and yet pathetic'. Pathetic, above all, because the prey of a strange madness, and yet essentially and substantially sane, which is the root of the paradox.

Mr. Nicholson has avoided answering the question whether Evangelicalism was the main contributory cause of Cowper's madness. But his account of the Evangelical Revival is notable for its careful discrimination between Calvinists, Methodists and Evangelicals within the Church, of whom John Newton, despite his Calvinist leanings, was one. The distinction which he draws between eighteenth-century Evangelicalism and the Puritanism which preceded it and the Nonconformist movement which came later is important and commonly overlooked. And as his excellent chapter on the 'Olney Hymns' shows, he writes of such matters as one who has shared the congregational fervour. As to the effect of such fervours on Cowper's fine-drawn sensibility he suspends judgment. But he is certain that without the Revival and the deep emotional release which it brought, if for only a brief period, Cowper would never have become a poet. To call such a release 'conversion', as he does, and to say that it freed Cowper's imagination 'from the rules and restrictions of the rational' is, perhaps, to claim too much. But that it opened up a new realm of experience in him, even if at the cost of a fatal over-stimulation, is undeniable.

But the charm and rightness of Mr. Nicholson's book are not due to such general considerations but to his intimate appreciation of Cowper himself. We never read Cowper's poetry, he writes, 'just for what it has to say or even just for what it is: we read it always with at least part of our attention on the poet rather than on the poem. . . . If we are to enjoy Cowper to the full at least part of our pleasure must come from factors which are outside the scope of literary criticism'. It is because Mr. Nicholson enjoys Cowper so perceptively in this way, because he hears in his poetry 'the cracks and croaks in the voice of one we love', that he comes nearer to him, perhaps, both as a man and a poet, than anyone who has written about him before. And although he treats mainly of the poetry, he makes us feel through it the quality and the pattern of Cowper's life.

As a literary critic he can draw suggestive contrasts between, for example, the ordered mellifluousness of 'The Seasons', and the fortuitous actuality of 'The Task', or between Pope's and Cowper's renderings of Homer. Or again he contrasts the generalised pessimism of Housman with the sincere particularity of one who, in calling himself a stricken deer that left the herd,

did not imply that anything was wrong with the herd. He admits, of course, that in denouncing the vices of the great, of whom he knew nothing, Cowper's words could be 'as shrill and hollow as those of the president of the village Mothers' Union condemning the night life of London'. But when he drew on his own experience, how pleasant the 'old-maidish bite' of his satirical pictures could be, whether in his verse or his letters.

Mr. Nicholson's distinction is by quotation and comment to invoke the oddly personal voice of the poet himself, 'both pedantic and humorous, reserved and intimate, egotistical and yet intensely lovable'. It is because he hears it but faintly in 'John Gilpin', in which he is too conscious of Cowper *trying* to be funny, that he is quite unable to appreciate it. Yet when the unemphatic personal note is lost, as it so seldom was, in the primitive depths of Biblical symbolism and Evangelical piety in the hymn, 'There is a fountain fill'd with blood', he responds enthusiastically. But it is the man of normal enjoyments who clung to the practical and familiar, as a 'castaway' to his raft, whom he appreciates best and with a humorous aptness of phrasing which is akin to Cowper's own.

Social Evolution. By V. Gordon Childe.

Watts. 10s. 6d.

The author is well known as a widely read exponent of sequences of change in pre-history, with a tendency to emphasise economic factors as the gist of historic development. After 600,000 years of savagery, that is dependence on hunting and collecting, man evolved some six to seven thousand years ago, probably in south-west Asia, into the stage called barbarism involving food production by cultivation of cereals, soon supplemented by some domestication of animals. Early food producers seem to have lived in small groups which made practically everything they used, and learned to store what was not needed for food or for use immediately. The utilisation of this surplus led to increase in the size of communities and to rivalries within and between communities for enjoyment of the surplus. Thus emerged a more definite social hierarchy and war. War in its turn brought the need for defence and consequently the growth of the idea of lordship and accompanying exemption of privileged wealth from routine work. So, the author thinks, man proceeded from barbarism to civilisation, a condition in which domination and war have been inherent from the beginning, but which is most clearly distinguished by the use of writing, the complication of exchange of goods, and craft specialisation. The earliest fully specialised craftsmen, men no longer producing their own food as well as following a craft, were probably the smiths, often itinerant even in the days of bronze, before iron was worked.

Professor Childe criticises Spencer and Tylor and on the whole rather follows L. H. Morgan and F. Engels. He shows repeatedly how difficult it is to grade societies as higher and lower on any general scheme and comments a trifle acidly on those who, almost unconsciously, looked to what he calls liberal bourgeois democracy as the highest type towards which all other schemes were to try to work their way. His wide knowledge of museum collections the world over and his skill in penetrating behind the museum specimen to the life of the people who used it together make his writings suggestive and valuable.

It is possible that some psychical factors tend to be a little underestimated. We are apt to sink into a routine, and perhaps if all social groups the world over were so immersed and the routine were good enough, there might be peace and indifference. But, somewhere or other, for, shall we say, the last five thousand years, initiative has

caused explosions and led to the emergence of new needs and relations within and between communities. And the communities too deeply immersed in routine have tended to decline. How to encourage initiative and yet maintain social order is the central problem of our time, as it has been of many centuries past. Heresy hunts and persecution of deviators may have had successes in the short run, but have been disastrous in the end in many instances. Whether liberal bourgeois democracy is the best method of combining initiative and order is an open question; authoritarianism in state or church is, at any rate, open to grave objection in this connection.

Professor Childe wisely emphasises that a community must always be considered in relation with its particular environment, and no universal criteria, except food production and perhaps writing, can be used as measuring rods for community life. The Nile in Egypt furnished the people with such an admirable means of communication along the narrow strip of fertile land, that wheeled vehicles and roads were late in appearing in that country. Nothing like a temple, Professor Childe says, has yet been discovered in Mycenaean Greece and there is no evidence there for a professional priesthood, though Egypt had long had both temples and priests. So each community needs to be studied for its own sake and generalisations are suspect.

Style and Idea. By Arnold Schoenberg.

Williams and Norgate. 15s.

'Arnold Schoenberg, as an author, has his own personality and ideas, not only in German but also in English'. Whether or not any precise meaning can be discovered in that opening sentence from Miss Dika Newlin's editorial Foreword is problematical. The sentence is a fair example and a forbidding one of the difficulty a reader will be faced with, ploughing through heavier and more acid soil. The clue to Miss Newlin's meaning is simple: for 'has' read 'displays'. Schoenberg sets still more thorny tasks.

But the book will have to be read by anyone interested in the workings of a creative artist's mind. Carelessly edited and often uncouth in translating into American the idiom of the German in which some of the articles were originally cast, this set of essays, by one of the most significant contemporary composers of the older generation, does nevertheless suggest an astonishingly active personality. Indeed it compels, rather unwillingly, admiration for the sheer tenacity shown by the author. Nothing has turned his attention from the central interest of his career, his self. And here that self is projected in high relief. The importance of this book lies not so much in the author's treatment of his material, which is neither profound nor scholarly, as in the psychological overtones it produces. The clue to this condition in Schoenberg is in his essay on Mahler.

After Wagner's egocentric existence, Mahler's seems a weak brew; but it is from the same vat and, as Mahler's admirer, Schoenberg has taken the die from his master. It is noticeable that in this essay there appears one of the first of many evidences of Schoenberg's arrogance, when he commends the man 'who knows that his artistic and ethical culture is on a high level, and thus has confidence in himself and believes in his culture'. After that we must not be surprised when he compares Bach's age to his and lets us know that 'except for one difference—that I am no Bach—there is a great similarity between the two epochs'. Now that may well be humility; but a reading of this volume leaves one horribly doubting.

There arrives a moment in a man's life when, having been accorded sufficient publicity or having produced work of a sufficiently startling

nature or, in this country, having just lived to a ripe old age, it is impossible for him to open his mouth or put however senile a pen to paper without our being forced to take notice. Schoenberg's case fits all three categories. As a result, whatever he says must be attended to and indeed has that special interest which comes from the written word of a man whose normal business it is to write musical notes. His life has been a long struggle to impose his narrow personality upon posterity, an activity which, judging by this book, has soured him in the process.

London: The Northern Reaches

By Robert Colville. Hale. 15s.

The latest of the admirable 'County Books' deals informatively and imaginatively with an area which includes the whole of Hampstead, Highgate, Regent's Park and Primrose Hill and parts of Holloway, St. Pancras, Marylebone and Willesden. The author has a vivid sense of the past and is sensitive to the 'atmosphere' of old streets and buildings, two essential requirements for a successful book of this kind. He is keenly aware also of the changing face of these old boroughs and endeavours for his readers' benefit to conjure up their future aspects, when the big blocks of flats will have been built and the old roomy houses, standing in their pleasant tree-shaded gardens, will have gone for good. The worst of the present slums in the Camden Town and St. Pancras districts will have gone then, too, and one can only hope that they will not be replaced by others rising vertically from the ground instead of sprawling over it horizontally.

Mr. Colville begins his fascinating tale in prehistoric days when the sea, or tidal waters, washed over the future county—only marine fossils have been found in the district—and then gives a graphic account of the great Forest of Middlesex which covered most of the area for centuries after the ancestors of our codfish, herring and haddock had to move out. Ken Wood is a remnant of this famous forest and its Spanish chestnuts are held to be direct descendants of the primeval trees. Part of the forest was given to Odo, Dean of Caen, for his profit and pleasure, soon after the Norman Conquest, and it continued in ecclesiastical possession until the dissolution of the monasteries. One of the forest streams now runs down 'The Bishops Avenue' in a sewer, which is a rather sad thought.

Whatever is important historically, socially, and industrially in the less picturesque districts of Hornsey, Kentish Town, Tufnell Park and Camden Town is described fully and the bygone rural charm of these parts which, even as late as the opening decades of the nineteenth century, consisted of a string of sleepy villages, is vividly evoked. Old buildings, squares, streets and crescents still identifiable are noted for those who enjoy recognising the many fragments of the past which are to be found in most quarters of London. Much space is given to Regent's Park and its history from the days when it was a royal hunting lodge, then farmland, until the time when 'Prinny' and John Nash got to work on it.

The author sacrifices too many pages to detailed descriptions of Holloway and Pentonville Prisons, and among other prolixities are the four-page quotation from the charge of the Courts Leet and Baron which still meet yearly at Jack Straw's Castle and the six pages given to what reads like the production-by-production history of the Everyman and Embassy Theatres. A curious slip occurs on page 54 where Mr. Colville writes of 'thirty-one letters given by an American (to the Keats Museum) which Fanny Brawne wrote to John Keats in 1820 to 1824'. These letters were written by Miss

Brawne to Fanny Keats, then living with her guardians at Walthamstow. Her letters to the dying Keats in Rome were never opened, but were buried with him when he died in Feb-

ruary, 1821. Another puzzling statement is (page 63) 'The two greatest figures in the history of painting are George Romney and John Constable'. No doubt the author intended to insert

the words 'who lived in Hampstead' somewhere in the sentence. The book gives several signs of somewhat inadequate proof-reading. There are some beautiful photographs by Jack Manwaring.

New Novels

Daylight in a Dream. By H. E. Butler. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

Lamiel. By Stendhal. Translated by T. W. Earp. Turnstile Press. 9s. 6d.

Ophelia. By Viola Meynell. Barrie. 10s. 6d.

The Sky is a Lonely Place. By Louis Falstein. Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.

The Objector. By Jeb Stuart. Lehmann. 10s. 6d.

HERE is a particular place in literature for the semi-autobiographical *récit*. Autobiography proper is still, nearly two centuries after Rousseau, a school of occlusion; and the agonies of pure imagination have usually proved too severe for those who would have had much to say in the intermediary form. The trumpery amours of a dilapidated Atlas are merely absurd when recounted with all the airs of apparent candour; and yet the task of invention is one before which many eminent and delightful persons—philosophers, historians, critics, poets even—have been found to baulk. No, the *récit* is the answer; it may be found in the essay, as in the marvellous evocations of Hazlitt; the novel, as in the unbeatable economy of *Adolphe*; the memoir, as in the parerga of Maynard Keynes; and in the mingling of all three which is found in *Olivia*. It is on this last example, of course, that Professor Butler has drawn in her *Daylight in a Dream*. It is a dangerous example, because *Olivia* was saved from mawkishness by a combination of qualities which it would be presumptuous to counterfeit. Intellectual, as much as emotional, passions were its subject; and it was this that gave it a shine that will not tarnish.

Daylight in a Dream is also by a very intelligent woman—though the order of the two intelligences could not, I think, be fairly compared on the evidence of the two books. It is also concerned with an isolated society of women; and it is also an exercise in self-knowledge which has been carried out many years after the events which it describes. But at this point the analogy breaks down. Professor Butler is concerned with the sisters, nurses, orderlies and drivers of a women's hospital unit which worked in Macedonia and in Russia during the first world war. Instead of a straightforward narrative, she has composed with considerable art a series of flashbacks and enlightenments by which her principal character, a devoted orderly who has somehow dwindled into a dispirited schoolteacher, is enabled in middle life to judge just how inaccurate, at the time, were her impressions of her colleagues. For her, as for 'Olivia', these distant happenings had been of supreme importance; they had become the measure and the scale by which she judged all human behaviour, and she herself had changed and petrified in obedience to her view of them; but by the end of the short book we find her persuaded not only that her own deepest feelings had passed unnoticed, but that she had been unaware of the nuances of feeling which governed those whom she had thought to observe in a passion of all-seeing sympathy.

Professor Butler conveys her meaning with a great variety of telling incident. She cannot be said to write well, in any ordinary sense; her manner is not so much girlish as Old-Girlish, and her diction, by turns jaunty and pedantic, has the air of an involuntary burlesque. But the matter of her book is always curious; her solitary male character (if we are to exclude a detachment of drunken soldiers) assumes a predom-

ance most gratifying to readers of my own sex; she never leans too heavily upon the point; and she provokes us to one of those reorganisations of memory which are the great reward of novel reading.

Stendhal was, of course, a supreme master of these reorganisations. The publication by John Lehmann of Mr. Edwards' translation of *Lucien Leuwen*, and the current re-issue by Chatto and Windus of Scott-Moncrieff's translation of the *Chartreuse de Parme* have brought two of his largest works into circulation in English. *Lamiel* is fragmentary in comparison with the two mammoths; but it is not inferior in quality. In his introduction Mr. Earp describes how Stendhal had set himself the task of writing 'a popular novel which would entertain'. 'I must follow', he wrote, 'the rules of contemporary fashion, though always adapting it to my own ideas. The great and actual object is laughter'. Laughter is not, I think, the chief reward of reading *Lamiel*, which is not in the least a humorous book. The cutting edge of Stendhal's irony is too sharp for laughter, and even the wit strikes like ice upon an open wound. But as we watch *Lamiel* being transformed from a peasant girl into a cocotte of the highest elegance, we are kept in a continual state of pleased attention; we enjoy the companionship of one of the most intelligent observers who has ever lived; and the obsolete quarrels and conventions and prejudices of the reign of Charles X assume the stature of universal frailties. *Lamiel* herself is the first heroine of modern fiction; a change of wardrobe, and she could become the black-trousered dream-girl of M. Sartre. The doctors, dowagers and licentious abbés of this inspired fragment all have their counterparts in Koestler and Balchin. It is Stendhal himself who has not been duplicated.

Miss Viola Meynell is at the farthest possible remove from Stendhal. Where he is cold and dry, she is warm and damp. Where he plunges not only his hand, but the reader's also, into the flames, she thoughtfully erects a polite screen to shield us from possible combustions. Her story is that of a young man who, mildly taken with the daughter of a country neighbour, discovers that it is her step-mother who, in the end, has awakened his deepest love. It belongs, in fact, to the large and honourable literature of Dignified Withdrawal—for it is, of course, the older woman who is led by conscience (also, perhaps, by common-sense) to rejoin her invalid husband. I cannot say that the tug of anxiety and expectation is ever very urgent in *Ophelia*; not traits alone, but whole characters (the hypochondriacal husband, for instance) seem to have been transposed and improved from some novel of half a century ago. (Even her hero knew 'The Hound of Heaven' by heart when he was at Eton.) But, though the gamut is narrow, its notes are true. Miss Meynell is—if I may be forgiven so archaic an expression—an English lady; there is nothing false about her conscientious regard for others; her book is like something made by hand in an age of machines, and I fancy that it

is truer to the facts of English life than many books by more fashionable novelists.

Few English readers are competent, I imagine, to judge American novels for veracity of surface. Of the two books on my list, Mr. Falstein's has very much the wider canvas. *The Sky is a Lonely Place* reads like a straight memoir of service in an American bomber squadron in Italy during the last year of the war. It is operation orders, rather than any art of narrative, which keep the book going; Mr. Falstein begins with the first of his fifty missions, and he ends with the last of them. He is an exact and compassionate observer; the dreadful facts are preserved in his pages like dried flowers between the leaves of a country notebook, and as one mission follows another, and his original characters are steadily killed off or maimed, Mr. Falstein generates a sombre momentum of his own. Initially his pace is slow, and individual phrases ('a man dying needs his mother') stand out as peculiarly American; but by the end of the book he has won us to a consideration of war in terms that are not American, but universal.

Mr. Jeb Stuart's *The Objector* is a very different sort of book. It is about a conscientious objector, but it is not an apologia for objection. It is really to 'Billy Budd' that this novel is distantly and humbly related, for it is a study of absolute innocence. Unlike Melville, however, Mr. Stuart deals with a world which, though it discounts innocence in principle, is surprisingly sensitive to it in fact. Where Mr. Falstein is trundled along by sheer weight of ghastly incident, Mr. Stuart chooses his own ground, gives just the right dosage of violence to remind us that this problem is not being argued in the abstract, examines his subject dispassionately from every side, and stops just when the moral impetus of his story might threaten to sag. There is hardly a loose word in *The Objector*, and Mr. Stuart proceeds largely in the form of a series of almost classical dialogues; but at the same time he contrives to put an astonishing degree of nuance into his picture of American army life. Few books about the war, or about war itself, have been as good as *The Objector*.

I should also like to recommend the re-issue of Wyndham Lewis' *Tarr* (Methuen, 9s. 6d.). This is the first of a new series of reprints of Mr. Lewis' novels; time has given the strangest of patinas to Mr. Lewis' idiosyncratic study of Parisian life, but the original goaty savour of his outlook is as exhilaratingly rank as ever it was; nor has the oddity of his heroine's phrasing ('Tarr be my love! We'll be the doviest couple on the *erdball* honey!') been softened by time. In *Colonel Julian* (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) Mr. H. E. Bates has published, for the first time in several years, a book of new short stories. Like Bunin, Mr. Bates is at his best in two subjects: lust and loneliness. When the two are combined, as they are in 'The Lighthouse', and Mr. Bates can also deploy his great gifts as a landscape artist, then the result is really very successful.

JOHN RUSSELL

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

No Magic

THERE WAS A TIME when television drama relied heavily on the supernatural. Disembodied spirits returned to earth in ancient hotel bedrooms lined with old oak, and ordinary human beings suddenly sprouted huge, monstrous hands. Young girls gazed into magic mirrors, and dissolved into an unexpectedly circumambient past. Trick effects such as these come easily to the television cameras, and what comes easily as often as not yields little reward. I cannot recall that many of these incidents gave me the cold thrill of an Ambrose Bierce story, or the uncomfortable feeling that comes of reading *The Turn of the Screw* even in broad daylight. It all remained a matter of conjuring, and magic was never reached.

There was no conjuring in the second act of Barrie's 'Dear Brutus', which Kevin Sheldon produced the other evening. Neither was there any magic. The unhappy, ill-adjusted people who were the victims of Lob's irresponsibility wandered out into a darkened studio lit by an obtrusive lamp, instead of into the midnight of a midsummer moon. Not for one moment did the lamp look anything but a lamp, and not for one moment did Barrie's mawkish dialogue take on any wings of fancy.

Even in the excellent opening scenes there had been moments of anxiety. Barrie often showed a positive genius for the embarrassing phrase, and John Robinson's Will Dearth made poor work of 'You wild, untamed

thing' as a descriptive term addressed to his unsympathetic wife. Much of the dialogue fell on the ear stagily, and Matey's heartfelt wish that the harshest of Lob's guests should go into the mysterious garden seemed like an echo from a hundred melodramas. So, in fact, did the chief character, Dearth, the gifted artist who, as in scores of worthless plays, is ruined by drink and matrimony. Ten years ago John Gielgud gave this man an aloof distinction, lifting him above the maudlin self-pity of his cups, but Mr. Robinson took him more sentimentally. Within the limits of his conception, Mr.



'Dear Brutus', with, left to right, Michael Ashwin as John Purdie; Kathleen Crawley as Joanna Trout; Aubrey Mather as Mr. Coade; Judy Campbell as Alice Dearth; Mary Jerrold as Mrs. Coade; June Moir as Lady Caroline Laney; and Toke Townley as Lob



'London Melody', of which excerpts were televised from the Empress Hall, London, on June 10. Norman Wisdom, as Mike Angelo, is on the right, talking to a policeman

Robinson's performance was a very good one. It was clearly and even beautifully spoken, but it never gave the impression that Dearth really considered himself a waster. It is not until men like Dearth, if such exist, begin to realise their shortcomings that one can sympathise with them. Mr. Robinson's Dearth merely pretended to take a poor view of himself, thus adding to his other failings more than a touch of hypocrisy.

This does not seem to be a very genial review, yet Mr. Sheldon's production was worth seeing. It had the great

merit of including in it an outstanding performance of Mrs. Dearth by Miss Judy Campbell. Barrie does everything he can to enlist liking and even affection for the drunken artist, but he obviously bitterly disliked the drunken artist's unfortunate wife. He made her cruel, revengeful and ambitious. His bias against her was so profound that in all previous performances of the play I have seen she has appeared quite unreal. Unable to give her any qualities of good, Barrie painted an unconvincing fiend. But Miss Campbell gave her life. Without sentimentalising her, she managed to express, in voice and looks, an unavailing regret for her own callousness that was more moving than Dearth's calculated sham nobility and regrettably outspoken desire for a daughter. I have seen several excellent television performances, but they have always been in rewarding parts. Here Miss Campbell took one of the worst parts Barrie ever wrote, and made it, in a small way, memorable.

The television serial, 'The Warden', has ended, and I am sorry. In its various episodes it often caught and held the quiet stable atmosphere of an England now vanished. Its gentle gatherings round clerical tea tables, with friends dropping in for a mildly scandalous gossip against a background of plaintive music, was exceedingly agreeable. Mr. J. H. Roberts gave a charming performance, as the Rev. Mr. Harding, of a kindly old clergyman who, in the face of malicious attacks, begins to doubt his own in-



'The Warden': scene from the final instalment of the serial; with, left to right, Arthur Hambling as Mr. Bunce; Thea Holme as Eleanor Harding; J. H. Roberts as Septimus Harding; Christopher Steele as Abel Handy; Charles Rolfe as Gregory Moody, and Horace Sequeira as Job Skulpit

tegrity. Mr. David Markham was a fine, manly Bold, and Miss Thea Holme an appealing heroine, though at times her air of martyrdom became trying.

Miss Victoria de los Angeles' introduction to television was impressive. Miss de los Angeles still stood up in front of the camera, looking very serious, in a black evening dress and a Victorian shawl, nodded her head graciously from time to time, and sang. There were no camera tricks, there was no elaborate effort of presentation. Miss de los Angeles had come to sing, and sing she did, sweetly and superbly.

HAROLD HOBSON

BROADCAST DRAMA

Good Marks for Trying

WITH 'THE DYNASTS' still running and trifles like 'Parsifal' on the schedule, the Third Programme has lacked space for much other drama this week. Only 'Measure for Measure' and that vigorous trouncing of the intelligentsia-before-last, 'The Childermass' by Wyndham Lewis. These were welcome, and one salutes the effort to please and entertain; a good mark, as they used to say at school, for trying. At the same time, let us not fret because these things did not take to the air as 'The Dynasts' did. Radio cannot often be better than the original it is purveying (this goes for radio variety too, which is no worse than most pierrot shows at this time of year).

Now, we never fail to notice on the stage that 'Measure for Measure' starts with a blaze and gutters out to a poor finish. Radio cannot alter that nor even, in this case, gloss it over, as it can in certain broken-backed classics (Marlowe's 'Dr. Faustus' for example). Our interest is in the Isabella situation; when that is exhausted, the progressive phases of Angelo's discomfiture, besides being quite as implausible on the air as on the stage, slowly lose grip. This was no fault of the producer, or the Angelo (Stephen Murray). The early scenes had a fine tension, Claire Bloom showing up vividly as Isabella, though I seem to remember a superior quality in the Stratford production broadcast last year. In the matter of disguises, and the complications arising therefrom, I suppose the radio listener is rather better off than the rationalist seated before a well-lighted stage. As at the Globe, which was daylit from above, wide and apt for mistaking one hooded figure for another, so we in imagination, merely listening in, can believe in these somewhat incredible cases of mistaken identity, though Shakespeare really goes rather far in this play. But again we must know when a disguise is in operation and when not. Third Programme listeners probably need no more help than was given here. It was, all in all, a pretty clear and sensible adaptation.

By contrast the graph of interest in 'The Childermass' described an upward curve towards the end, when we had the best of it, with Mr. Wolfitt and Mr. Speaight getting in some fine swingeing blows. But the earlier stages taxed the patience and the attention sorely.

The difference between 'Curtain Up!' and 'Festival Curtain Up!' is not remarkable. Last week in this series Ivor Novello's 'Comedienne' was revived, with Dame Sybil Thorndike as the outrageous ageing actress once played with a like sharp sting by Dame Lilian Braithwaite. This is not a play whose dialogue stands up well to microphone examination; much of it has a forced vivacity, like chorus boys' chatter. And the tale is thin to the point of poverty. But it has some good scenes, especially the one where the old dragon slays them all at a rehearsal, which was excellent fun.

The Home Programme, much busied with

serials and the doings of air liners, frogmen and players of various ball games, found time for another valuable experiment in the dramatised novel, Rupert Croft-Cooke's 'Brass Farthing', and also put forward a new play from the prolific pen of James Forsyth. Here, too, were modes of narration proper to the air—exchanges of letters, thoughts whispered by the psychiatrist's couch, much humming in the eardrums, and *voces intimae*. It was a story which would have appealed to Pirandello; the story of a girl who had repressed some old war-time horror in her childhood and, with it, had blotted out the sense of her own identity. Pirandello, one thinks, would have made it more interesting but could hardly have made it more complicated. It took a great deal of unravelling and the threads were often thick with a dusty naturalism which should have been shaken off before we began. But the production and the acting helped. Yvonne Mitchell made the amnesiac miss a wonderfully sympathetic character, all things considered; there was excellent support from John Slater, Paul Scofield and Austin Trevor as masterful Yank, resourceful boy friend, and his papa respectively (the latter French as well as being a psychiatrist for good measure). It would be a sad business if all radio drama consisted of plays of no higher standard than this, but at least it rates good marks—for trying.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

Quiz Pro Quo

QUESTION AND ANSWER PROGRAMMES are highly temperamental creatures. They are at the mercy of imponderables. In 'Any Questions?', for instance, the type of question that draws brilliant fireworks from one team will provoke no more than an abortive sputter from another. And then there is that chancy thing the frivolous question which sometimes has the intended effect of launching the team on a humorous interlude, while at other times it produces three seconds of freezing silence and then a few bored and perfunctory replies.

Nor is that all. In 'Any Questions?' success depends also on the audience and the team can observe its reactions and modify their efforts accordingly. But those who perform to an absent audience have no such prompting: the whole civilised and uncivilised world may have switched them off in the first ten minutes, but they will continue to the end in the very best of spirits.

'Any Questions?' has just celebrated its hundredth birthday (it doesn't take long if you have a birthday every week) and I wish it and myself many happy returns of it. I noted that, after the invariable habit of centenarians, it had retained all its faculties, but although it was in good form it was not, for some undiscoverable reason, at the top of its form. Why not? One of the infallible dampers on these programmes is the speaker who has too much to say and says it twice over; but there was no such speaker on this team.

The team, in fact, was first rate, the audience was responsive, and there was some excellent discussion. The trouble—such as it was: it wasn't serious—lay, I think, in a few of the questions. I hesitate to say that two of the frivolous ones were too silly, because I have heard silly questions evoke extremely comical replies; but these two, as it happened, didn't. The team didn't rise, and I sympathised with them. I have noticed too that there is always the probability that a political question will cause a sharp change in the convivial atmosphere. On this occasion it was all but imperceptible; the faintest whiff—no more—of that dangerous drug

odium politicum. But in stronger concentrations it always makes for boredom.

Boredom is a strong word and I prefer to say that my interest was flagging heavily by the time I reached the end of 'Transatlantic Quiz'. As in its close relative 'Round Britain Quiz', the two sides ask each other complicated general knowledge conundrums, from the answers to which emerge a variety of curious and often useless information. I don't mean to be derogatory. Useless information is one of my hobbies: I collect it and find it much more fun than stamp-collecting. When questions and answers are bandied in 'Round Britain Quiz', the speed, ingenuity and gusto of the game make excellent entertainment, but when we export our questions to the U.S.A. and import theirs, the listener seems to be watching not the game itself but a slow-motion film of it, and he is at once reminded that the two nations speak different languages and have different casts of mind. I notice, too, that when a team fails to answer a question and has therefore to be told it by the questioner, the answer often rings a little flat when it reaches its alien destination. For instance, when Lionel Hale supplied the answer to a question which had floored the American team, I could have sworn I overheard Professor Irwin Edman and John Mason Brown thinking to themselves: 'Well, that's amazingly silly!' I, on the other hand, thanks to Alistair Cooke, would now know what the Yankee waiter meant when he offered me food 'in the rough', 'à la mode', or 'with blood'.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

'Parsifal' at Covent Garden

IT IS SYMPTOMATIC of the uncivilised era in which we live as well as of the infinite, not to say sheepish, patience of audiences, that we should give performances of Wagner's vast music-dramas at an hour which precludes dinner beforehand and without any interval long enough for a meal in the course of the evening. The listener at home, at least, has the advantage of being able to get through a hurried meal in the half-hour allowed. Wagner was undoubtedly right in wishing to keep 'Parsifal' at Bayreuth, where there is leisure to hear the work unexhausted by almost continuous concentration for about five hours.

The listener at home last week had other advantages. He was spared the sight of the uncomeliest bunch of Flower-maidens—uncomely not so much in feature as in dress and hairstyle—exercising their arch fascinations in an incredibly unlovely setting. He was spared, too, the sight of two unpleasant corpses—the swan that looked as if it had been dead a week before Parsifal shot it and old Titirel, who seemed to have died of hydrocephalus. On the other hand, he missed the real dignity and reverence with which the first and third acts were enacted. And he missed a remarkable piece of acting by Mme. Flagstad.

Kundry is an extraordinarily difficult part to act convincingly, especially as much of it must be done in dumb-show. That Mme. Flagstad would sing the music beautifully one expected, though she far surpassed expectation with the lovely quality of her steady tone, when from behind the assembled Flower-maidens she called Parsifal by his name. And she sang the first part of the subsequent scene with a serene tranquillity, without any movement of arm or head, as though she were, indeed, some lovely automaton repeating her master's lesson. Only when she came to life and started to wheedle and coax the reluctant youth, did she fail, where no other singers in my experience have succeeded. The actress's real achievement was in the first act,

where the mild, dark savage was quite unrecognisable as the familiar noble Brünnhilde and Isolde.

Of the rest, Herr Weber, as Gurnemanz, contributed most to making the long, slow, drama endurable. The dignity and reverence of his bearing solemnised the whole proceedings and his old man's gestures of adoration in the first scene of Act III were infinitely touching. His presence won a response from the other members of the cast and the attentiveness of the young esquires, admirably chosen for their golden Burne-Jones heads, during his long exposition was a model for the audience. I only hope that some of this

atmosphere of reverence came over the air. It is difficult for me, who had seen it in the theatre to judge. Sigurd Björling's Amfortas was a great improvement on his Wotan and his Kurwenal, and conveyed incisively the depth of human suffering. Lechleitner's Parsifal, too, was an agreeable surprise, for I remember his dry-voiced Lohengrin.

The London Contemporary Music Centre's concert brought us a new Violin Concerto by Benjamin Frankel, which was too tortured and restless to be agreeable; Schoenberg's 'A Survivor from Warsaw', in which again the immediacy of the composer's reaction to the emotions aroused

by a painful story has inhibited real artistic creation; Constant Lambert's sensitive setting of the 'Dirge' from 'Cymbeline'; and Alan Bush's 'Nottingham' Symphony, which is a string of pictorial commonplaces. More attractive was a new Violoncello Concerto by Herbert Murrill, who has the gift of writing clear, lyrical music with a character of its own. The prize for orchestral playing goes this week to Sir Thomas Beecham and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra for two exquisite performances of Delius' 'Paris'. To play it once as well as that is marvellous; twice is surely a miracle.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Chamber Music of Arthur Bliss

By SCOTT GODDARD

Bliss's Second Quartet will be broadcast at 9.45 p.m. on Wednesday, July 4 (Third)

A CROSS-SECTION of a composer's development may sometimes be taken by concentrating upon a single aspect of his work. To afford an effective test of the composer's ability this must be an aspect of a type of work which has been part of his activity from early on and one that has continued throughout his creative life. In the case of Arthur Bliss this can be discovered by concentrating upon his chamber music and segregating it from the rest, for it is a type of composition which has occupied his attention continually for more than thirty years.

The earliest chamber music, if we ignore still earlier works for voices with various solo instruments, is dated 1919: the five descriptive movements for violin, viola, cello, flute and oboe called 'Conversations'. The latest is the Second String Quartet (1950). Between these there is a steady succession of chamber works appearing at fairly regular intervals.

It is evident that consideration of the latent possibilities of chamber music has been a perpetual activity with Bliss; in thought, in sensuous perception and in the conjunction of the two which results in created work. And as we watch his work, following it from the earliest to the latest, we stumble upon that paradox which is discoverable in the development of other intelligent musicians; that the hard, surfaces of the early works, their superficial exteriors, are broken when thoughts and feelings rise explosively from deeper layers of consciousness. And gradually a new surface is formed. The first superficial exterior is no longer there. The old surface has gone; disintegrated and destroyed under the pressure of these newer issues. It is a perennial process that continues as long as vitality lasts. It still operates in Bliss's music.

Modern chamber music, taking its cue from a twentieth-century notion of Beethoven's late string quartets, has tended to become increasingly forceful. The move is understandable though the connection with Beethoven is obscure. Beethoven's thought processes may seem stern and forceful but the expression of those thoughts has none of the harshness and crudity that modern writers of chamber music indulge in when they produce string quartets, that most intimate of communications.

What has happened is that the musicians of this century, realising from their experience of Beethoven's most mature work that the string quartet can be the means of expressing contemporary struggle and turmoil, have felt themselves permitted and even constrained to express objectively that which in Beethoven's string quartets is fundamentally subjective. The torture of the mind becomes the torture of the very

strings, bows and bellies of the instruments themselves, so that many modern string quartets seem to demand, even more imperiously than Beethoven's 'Grosse Fuge', a string orchestra for their adequate interpretation.

Bliss's music gives the impression of being the product of a singularly direct mind. It is as though it were the outcome of quick intuition more often than of the long preliminary explorations which are supposed to happen before a work reaches manuscript paper. The prehistory of a composition is, however, a matter of guess work unless a composer's sketch books can be drawn on and then only if they are precisely dated, entry by entry. In the case of Bliss no such documents are available. And so one's impression remains a vague generalisation and must be accepted as such.

Yet it is true to say that the majority of listeners do in fact feel this directness and feel it more strongly and continuously than any other quality in Bliss's music. The first phrase in 'Conversations' with its Prokofiev-like leaping vivacity is one instance, an early one. The first phrase of the Viola Sonata (1933), one of Bliss's most imposing, noble, impassioned melodies, is another. The first phrases of String Quartet No. 1 and String Quartet No. 2 provide other instances of the same kind of immediacy. It is a characteristic that stands out with the sharp definition of a visible gesture. The effect is like that of a sudden, unannounced entry of some impressive personage into a room where until that moment ordinary people were leading ordinary lives. The muscular activity in these opening phrases takes one out of that quiet existence. Such music demands no less than our undivided attention.

And so it is that one recalls Bliss's leisurely passages less instantly than the vivacious energy, the vivid expressiveness that abounds in most of his music, breaking in upon those more lyrical moments and perpetually bringing the music back from dreams to actualities. Yet his lyrical writing, apart from its beauty of texture and pulse, is a significant element, especially in the chamber music. It is a type of expressiveness that tends to be ignored by a listener coming new to a work by Bliss. By nature lyricism is gentle; it dare not vociferate when by so doing it would lose its true quality and destroy itself. It must insinuate or perish. And when the surrounding material is as imposing as it is in Bliss's chamber music (the Second String Quartet, for example) lyricism gets lost, so far as our memory goes.

But return to these works and we discover that in these short, sweet lyrical passages there is art and a turn of thought quite personal. There

is that the individual Bliss appears. The effect is, of course, less striking than in the robust music but more lasting. One thinks of such passages as the exquisite opening to the second act of 'The Olympians', of the quieter music in 'Checkmate' which is echoed in the slow movement of the Pianoforte Concerto, and of the opening to the slow movement of the Viola Sonata.

There is less opportunity for this kind of lyricism in the Second String Quartet. That work belongs in time to our present years of chaos and it is not surprising that it mirrors the prevailing unrest to the almost complete exclusion of lyrical charm. The particular style of beauty in the Oboe Quintet has gone. Beethoven's earnest style, which some people today find irksome, is a distant ancestor of Bliss's Second Quartet; a nearer ancestor is the strident energy Bartók has added to that earnestness.

In the official list of Arthur Bliss's works two string quartets are included. No. 1 is dated 1940, No. 2 1950. So far so good. But turn to Grove's Dictionary (third edition, 1927). In the list of works appended to Edwin Evans' article, probably not drawn up by him since it is not initialled, there is the entry 'String quartet 1923-4'. And from the article, also by Edwin Evans, in the Supplementary Volume of the Dictionary (1940) it appears that this quartet was written in California and never published.

The mystery has now been cleared with the help of the composer. There have been four quartets. The first, written in 1913-14, was in A major. It was performed somewhere about 1915, then disappeared; which probably means that it was withdrawn. The Californian quartet was entered for a competition in 1924. It did its duty by winning a prize. And then, tragedy; the score was lost in the post when being returned to the composer. So that quartet, too, must be presumed dead. Thus it is that the Third and Fourth Quartets are now numbered 'one' and 'two'.

One of the latest and most attractive books on wine to be published is *A Contemplation of Wine*, a collection of essays by H. Warner Allen (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). This opens with a piece on that ancient gourmet, Brillat-Savarin, who made two curious observations: the first was that 'water is the only beverage that effectively quenches thirst, and it is for this reason that it can only be drunk in very small quantities'; the second was that 'tea is an excellent substitute for wine with a meal'. On the other hand, we learn that Professor George Saintsbury, who never gave a second-hand opinion on wine or a book, was of the opinion that the proper time to drink a fine wine was when the vulgar business of eating was over and done with.



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Advice for the Housewife

TOMATO AND MEAT MOULD

THIS COLD MEAT DISH that is suitable for all summer meals—including picnics. I call it Tomato and Meat Mould. It has two good points: first, any cooked meat can be used; second, it does not rely on aspic jelly for flavouring as so many cold moulds do. Lots of people like aspic flavour, but many people, and in particular young children, do not. If you use a fresh tomato juice or puree, you give the family a really nourishing meal as well as an appetising one.

For four people you will need:

- 6 oz. of chopped cooked meat
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of tomato juice
- 1 level tablespoon of powder gelatine
- 2 tablespoons of water
- 2 tablespoons of milk
- 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise
- seasoning—including a good pinch of sugar

You can use ordinary cooked meat, or ham or tongue, or even one of those luncheon meats. The tomato juice may be bottled or tinned, or puree made by putting tomatoes through a sieve or mincer.

Use a good $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of tomatoes and make up to the $\frac{1}{2}$ pint with water. Soften the gelatine in the water. Heat but do not boil the tomato juice (to retain the most vitamin) and pour over the gelatine while very hot. Stir well. Let this get quite cold, then add all the other ingredients. Pour into a mould (either rinsed out in cold water or brushed with a suspicion of oil) and leave to set.

This is your basic recipe. It makes a very firm mould, suitable for carrying: you may prefer to use slightly less than 1 tablespoon of gelatine if

you do not like things too firm. There are a number of things you can add to vary the flavour. I sometimes stir in about 2 tablespoons of very soft cream cheese and a few chopped spring onions when the mould is just beginning to set. If the meat is rather tasteless, add a pinch of curry powder and 1 teaspoon of Worcester sauce to the other ingredients. Those who grow their own herbs will like to add a few chopped fresh herbs and chives.

Obviously you will turn this out and serve with a really good salad at home, and for a picnic meal cut fairly thick slices and put each slice between lettuce leaves: that will keep it moist and make it easy to eat.

MARGUERITE PATTEN

'ROUND THE HOUSE' HINTS

Doors and drawers in furniture often bind and jam because the furniture is not standing on the level. Cut tiny squares of linoleum, or something of the same kind, to prop up the leg that is not standing on the carpet. If drawers still stick, use French chalk, or a smear of wax polish, to lubricate the runners. I like to varnish the insides of drawers, too—it makes them much easier to dust.

Outside gullies, especially the one that takes the water from the kitchen sink, need a little extra attention at this time of year. The iron grid and the concrete surround need scrubbing at least once a week, and the gully itself should have a good swill out. I like to throw—not pour—a couple of buckets of water down it, and in the water I put a good pinch of potassium

permanganate; it makes the cheapest disinfectant I know.

A simple strainer for that odd drop of paint that has bits of dust and dirt in it: one thickness of old silk stocking tied firmly over the mouth of a jam jar.

W. P. MATTHEWS

Some of Our Contributors

W. M. MACMILLAN (page 1037): Director of Colonial Studies, St. Andrews University; late Professor of History, University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg; member of mission to Tanganyika for Tanganyika Government, 1950, of the Colonial Labour Advisory Committee, 1946, and of the Advisory Committee on Education in the Colonies, 1940-43; author of *Europe and West Africa*, *Africa Emergent*, *Warning from the West Indies*, etc.

GEORGES DUTHUIT (page 1039): French art critic; editor of *Transition*; author of *Les Fauves*, *Chinese Mysticism and Modern Painting*, etc.

B. IFOR EVANS, D.Lit. (page 1042): Principal of Queen Mary College, London University, since 1944; Educational Director of the British Council, 1940-44; author of *A Short History of English Drama*, *A Short History of English Literature, Tradition and Romanticism*, etc.

F. E. ZEUNER (page 1053): Professor of Environmental Archaeology, London University, since 1946; author of *Dating the Past: An Introduction to Geochronology*, *The Pleistocene Period*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,104.

'22 58'.

By Tiber

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Closing date: First post on Thursday, July 5

All of the twenty-six unclued lights 1A, 9A, 15A, 21A-22A, 24A, 32A, 43A, 51A, 64B-52B, 74A, 56D-76B, 77A, 78A, 1D, 3D, 18D, 24D, 26D, 28U, 43D, 46U, 49D, 50D, 51D, 53D and

59D are familiar (by daily repetition) to all listeners. The remaining lights are clued normally. The thirty-three unchecked letters are the letters of:—HOUSE LET YET? MY DEAR, I'LL GO TO THE AGENTS.

A=Across; B=Back; D=Down; U=Up.

CLUES

Across. 13. 'Distinct as the billows, yet — as the 22' (3). 17. The love of nylons? (4). 19. It becomes feverish after a short month (4). 20. '... take — s against a 22 ...' (3). 23. A dual alternative (4). 28. Knots unrelated to 22 (4). 29. See 57. 30. Ostermeyer threw it nearly 46 yards (6). 34. Part of an ice-floe (6). 36. Milking-place of accommodation (4). 38. Milking-place for parting (4). 41. Frank article by G.B.S. (7). 42. See 12. 45B. 'Far, far ahead is all her 22 — know' (3). 47B-60. '— the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue' (7). 49. Inflated, yet in humility reposing (4). 54. Round it is a song; round, it is a key (4). 56. Author of *De la conduite de la guerre* (4). 57B-29A. Hindu text-book (7). 60. See 47. 61-6. Early air mechanic (3, 4). 62. How sweet! But we must part after the accolade (5). 66. Grass akin to sugar-cane (4). 68-73. In calm weather, all 22, 58 are by oarsmen (9). 69. An order at the 'Lord Nelson', perhaps (5). 72-16. Of life interest in 22 unit (9). 73. See 68. 75. Herb's in the bath! (5).

Down. 2. Prominences at the eastern end of Sardinia (4). 4. Hansard changes one letter and becomes rice and flowers (7). 5. Was hockey right for Spooner (3). 6. See 61. 7. See 48. 8. Letters

of basic learning (3). 9U-33B. Famous for bridge, cricket, etc. (6). 10-39. An Irishman's keen (3, 4). 11. When it breaks, save the pieces (4). 12-42. Huge (11). 14U. When Britannia worked to it, 22 succumbed (4). 16. See 72. 25. A lexicon sheds light here (4). 27U. 'From noon to — eve' (4). 29. See 70. 31. Count in Tuscany (4). 35U. Key-note of 22 air (5). 37. Put on 22 to render it 68-73 (3). 39. See 10. 40U. '... with new-spangled — flames in the forehead of the morning sky' (3). 44. 'The silly buckets on the —' (4). 48-7. Scene of 'The Ladies' Peace' in 1529 (7). 55U. Bay, but not part of 22 (6). 58. See title of puzzle (5). 60. 'A — fit for the gods' (4). 62U. Tumult in the heart of rural India (4). 63. 'The — cannot mitigate the billows' (5). 65. The great sturgeon (4). 67. The sapi-utan (4). 70-29D. May it lead to good-will (5). 71. 22 — s are a maritime ability to cope with a heaving 44 (3).

Solution of No. 1,102

Prizewinners:
J. A. M. Corbett (Glasgow); Miss E. R. Freeman (Westcliff-on-Sea); E. H. Scarlett (Richmond, Surrey); J. Snell (London, S.E.6); T. Titchmarsh (Bwell)

1	N	A	D	E	U	N	A	S	E	D
2	I	E	O	W	N	A	R	E	M	A
3	A	R	R	O	W	S	F	E	B	E
4	L	V	I	R	E	L	T	E	R	E
5	H	O	S	E	A	B	U	O	R	Y
6	O	F	F	A	P	E	S	U	G	V
7	C	A	L	I	F	M	A	R	I	T
8	G	R	I	N	N	I	N	G	S	A
9	S	T	O	N	E	R	E	A	R	E
10	N	O	N	T	R	E	C	O	R	K
11	A	L	P	H	A	N	A	G	E	O
12	P	E	O	W	S	T	E	N	E	R

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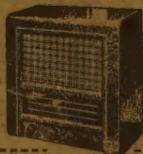


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